

THE AUSTRALIAN ... Over 500,000 Copies Sold Every Week

August 29, 1942

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

PUBLISHED BY
LARRY WHITE

PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Special
• FICTION
ISSUE •

SOME HAVE ALL THE LUCK



PENDLETON SCOTT arrived at Grand Central with only seconds to catch the nine o'clock local up the river. He and something breathing in yellow slipped through the gates just before they were closed.

As it was Saturday morning the train was crowded and he and the girl had to take aisle seats. They sat opposite each other.

Pen, after looking her over covertly, bet that she would get off the train at Poughkeepsie. Someone would meet her in a station wagon. She would spend the weekend with her solid, well-bred parents and go dancing that night with a boy who was solid and well-bred, too, and went to Yale.

He bet that she had attended the very best schools, and this summer was working in, say, a very superior office, or maybe taking a course in design.

After admiring her past Yonkers he decided there was a kind of rakish quality about her that he had missed at first. He felt now that a budding career in the arts would be more likely than a yarn shop. Or perhaps the theatre.

He retained Poughkeepsie and the solid, well-bred parents, but disposed of the Yale man as being too callow for a young person of her obvious depth and intelligence. But, even though he got rid of him, there would, he realised, be someone to take his place. There always would be with a girl like that.

He sighed. Resolving not to tantalise himself further, he took the new Boylston & Co. catalogue from his pocket and began to leaf through it glumly. He wouldn't have minded Mr. Boylston sending him away to the other end of nowhere to appraise and bid on some old furniture; but to go all that way to bid on a warming pan! . . . It made Pen feel silly.

"I know the Gracelyn place," Mr. Boylston had told him. "I was up there years ago to see the old gentleman and try to buy a Charles Gret-

ton clock he owned. I saw the warming pan then. There's a relief of St. Paul's Cathedral on the cover and the date 1712 stamped on the handle socket.

"Now the old gentleman has evidently passed away and Mr. Catlett, the auctioneer up there, writes me that the warming pan is to go on the block."

"You want me to bid on the furniture, too, if I see anything?" Pen had put in hopefully.

"You know we don't want to tie any more money up in old furniture right now," Mr. Boylston had continued. "There's nothing up there I want, anyhow. But I can sell a warming pan. I believe this Gracelyn pan has some associational value, too. I think I remember Mr. Gracelyn telling me that George Washington once spent a night in the house."

"We'll have to check that, of course, but if Washington did stay there it's quite possible this pan was used to warm his sheets."

Pen had looked at the blank cheque Mr. Boylston handed him. "How high shall I go?"

"If you have to, as high as five hundred."

Pen had whistled. "There's a producer fellow out in Hollywood collecting the things who'll pay twice that for this one," Mr. Boylston had assured him. "But I certainly hope you don't have to pay five hundred, or anything like it. You may not have any competition at all."

Mr. Boylston had paused and regarded him. "I'd just hate to see you come back here without it," he had concluded gently. "Indeed I would."

Now if it were only a piece of furniture—if it could just be an old Empire sofa that needed some fixing, or even a little old scrumptious. Pendleton Scott has a real passion for old furniture.

He avoided looking at the girl again until the conductor came through the train calling Poughkeepsie. She stood up then, but only so the woman who was sitting next to her could get out.

Really the last thing Pen expected was to have her rise when the conductor came through about an hour later calling Castleton.

Pen got up, too, and she looked at him directly, as if he might be someone she ought to know. He followed her up the aisle and the train started on toward Albany as soon as he stepped off it.

He and the girl were left standing alone on the platform. There was an old sedan with a "Taxi" sign on its windshield parked near the deserted station. They started for it together.

Pen gallantly allowed her to get there first and was standing wondering if there was another taxi to be had when he heard her tell the driver, "Gracelyn Farm."

He went over. "Are you by any

chance going to the auction?" he asked.

She paused with one foot on the running-board. "Yes," she said. "You, too?"

He nodded. "I just thought—"

"Of course," she said. "Come on."

"It's cheaper this way," she observed as the driver turned around. "This way it will be only fifty cents apiece." She glanced at him and smiled.

"My name is Scott," said Pen. He fumbled in his wallet and found a card to hand her. It said "Boylston & Co Antiques" and had his name down in one corner.

"I'm Linda Pisk," she said, examining the card.

"I guess you've been here before," he said.

"Lots," she agreed. "But not for a long while. When I was a little girl I used to spend my summers here, and Christmas vacations once in a while. You see, my mother was a Gracelyn."

She gazed out the window and after a moment appeared to forget Pen entirely. They passed green pastures, ploughed fields, and old dry stone walls, collapsed and now topped by wire.

Pen lit a cigarette. He hoped they had a long way to go. There was an auction handbill on the seat beside him and he picked it up. It concerned the auction and gave details of items for sale.

"Are there any more Gracelyns left?" Pen asked the girl presently.

"My Auntie Belle," she said. "She's married and lives in Arizona now. And then there's my Uncle Stanley. That's all."

"I suppose you'll hate to see the old place go," Pen said. "Auctions are always sad for somebody."

"Yes," she said. "Too sad for Uncle Stanley. He couldn't take it. That's why I'm going. He phoned and asked me if I would—just so I could tell him all about it later. Of

By HOWARD RIGSBY

course, I can't do anything," she added. "Just hang around and feel bad."

"What do you usually do with yourself?"

"I'm an illustrator," she said. "I just got out of art school, so I haven't been one very long. But I've already made money at it. Last month I made a hundred dollars!"

"An illustrator!" said Pen. "Well—I was pretty close."

"How may I ask?"

"I was betting with myself about you on the train," he explained. "I thought you were going to get off at Poughkeepsie and go home to your parents and—oh—I guess maybe I wasn't so close at that."

"No," she said. "I just have a father now, but he's married again

and lives out on the coast." She glanced at the ruins of Pen's card. "You, I take it, spend your time attending auctions. Kind of a ghoulish business, isn't it, Mr. Scott?"

"Oh, no," he said hastily. "I don't spend much of my time that way. You see—I'm a kind of an artist, too. At least I have a place down on Bedford Street with a skylight. And when I'm not refinishing Boylston furniture I fool around with some old pieces of my own."

"Bedford Street!" she marvelled. "Why, that's funny. I'm on Bedford, too."

"No!" said Pen. "Where on Bedford?"

She told him the address. They lived, it seemed, in the same block. It really was amazing, they agreed.

As the old sedan reached the top of a small hill Linda sat forward tensely. On their left was a dirt lane. There was a red flag marking it and a sign that said, "Auction To-day."

The driver turned in. They passed a small graveyard, weed-grown, where the old headstones tilted crazily, and then they saw the house, sunk in gloom behind its old trees.

Pen paid the driver and, before he could protest, Linda slipped a half-dollar in his pocket. She stood there for a moment looking up at the house.

"I'm so glad Grandpa Gracelyn isn't here to see it," she whispered.

A figure hurried past them and went up the verandah steps. There he vigorously rattled an old cowbell.

"All right!" he called in a warm, surprising bass. "It's noonin time, people. Just step right around to the kitchen now and let the ladies Valentine serve you with lunch."

That, Pen guessed, would be Arthur Soames Catlett, the auctioneer. He glanced down at Linda. "Want something to eat?"

"Not now," she said. "I want to look around."

They went up the verandah steps together, pausing for a moment to gaze at the bedsteads, the sofas, the tables and chairs. They passed through a tiled hall and entered a low, beamed room with a fireplace at one end. The best of the furniture was in here.

They paused before a walnut secretary and Pen remarked idly, "Seems funny—Washington may have written a despatch on this when he stayed here. It's as old as that, I believe. Do you know?"

"Washington?" she said. "He never stayed here. At least I never heard of it."

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"What's wrong?" asked Linda, turning from Mr. Boylston and the toby jug to Pen.

"I guess maybe Mr. Boylston got his houses mixed," said Pen.

"Maybe he meant Burgoyne," she said. "He stayed with the Grace-lyns when their place was up near Schuylerville. When that place was burned the Grace-lyns moved down here."

Well then, thought Pen, maybe the old warming pan warmed Burgoyne's sheets. He wondered which, in the estimation of the Hollywood collector, would make it most desirable—association with Washington, or that old dandy, General Johnny Burgoyne.

"I'd like to bid on something," Linda said. "But I don't know what. It couldn't be anything very big because my apartment's so small. I just want some little thing that I can look at and remember how it used to be up here."

They went down another aisle and presently they came to the table with the china, then one with pewter on it and among these pieces Pen saw the copper warming pan. As Mr. Boylston had said, St. Paul's was

on its cover and when Pen picked it up he made out the date 1712 stamped on the underside of the handle socket.

"Grandpa's warming pan," said Linda softly. "I remember that. It hung by the fireplace in his room. One Christmas when I was very little he went around and warmed all our beds with it." She ran a finger over its cover. "It's very, very old."

"Might come in handy for popping corn," said Pen. He hesitated to admit that the warming pan was what he had come for.

They went on. While Linda was trying to decide if some old silver candlesticks weren't just what she wanted, Pen saw Mr. Catlett come bounding in. He went over to him.

The auctioneer pumped his hand. "You interested in anything but the warming pan?" he inquired in a bass whisper. "There's a fine old pair of mantel lamps, you know—haven't seen a pair of them in years."

"Just the warming pan," said Pen. "It's a honey," Mr. Catlett gloated.

He squeezed Pen's arm confidentially. "You see it yet?"

Pen said he had and that it was fine. He started to excuse himself and go back to Linda who was now examining a pair of andirons, but the auctioneer drew him close again.

"How about an old toby?" he inquired repulchraly.

"A what?" said Pen.

"A toby," repeated Mr. Catlett. "In that basket over there. Came out of the attic."

Pen looked blank.

Mr. Catlett seemed surprised at his ignorance.

Please turn to page 4

This Fiction Issue

THIS issue of The Australian Women's Weekly was prepared when a national emergency threatened. It was then printed and made ready for distribution at a number of depots throughout the Commonwealth.

This was done for two important reasons—because of probable special transport problems and in order to maintain to our readers the regular service of The Australian Women's Weekly, as fully as circumstances permitted.

The distribution of The Australian Women's Weekly with its enormous circulation involves a considerable use of transport in every State and we felt that, in case of temporary disturbance, it would be an assistance to the authorities if the strain of maintaining normal services were voluntarily lightened as far as it was in our power to do so.

To do this and provide, at the same time, for our readers to get a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly, we prepared this special fiction issue.

That is why you will not find the usual last-minute news and other popular features in this issue.

But you will find a grand array of fiction—absorbing stories by famous authors, and a thrilling complete novel. They will provide you with that pleasant mental relaxation which is a splendid aid to the renewal of strength and sustenance of morale.

We hope this issue reaches you under happier conditions than those threatening to develop as we go to press.

But even if it reaches you in a very dark hour, we know that you, too, are confident we will pass through these heavy trials into brighter days of victory ahead.

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Some Have All the Luck

Continued from page 3

"IT'S a kind of porcelain tankard," he explained. "One that's made like a little man. They're very old. Some people like them."

"Oh," said Pen. "Well, I don't think so, Thanks."

Mr. Catlett shrugged. "I'll put that warming pan up just as soon as I can," he promised, and went out.

Pen walked over to Linda.

Outside, Mr. Catlett began shaking his old cowbell again.

"Oh, he can't do that yet!" Linda cried. "He can't start it till I know what I want, can he?"

"Maybe you'll recognise what you want when he starts to auction it," Pen said. "Say—how about a nice old toby jug?"

Linda Fisk elevated her brows. "How's that, Mr. Scott?"

Pen went over to the basket the auctioneer had pointed out to him. It was full of old china and pottery, all odd pieces and some of them chipped or cracked. He saw the jug and took it out. It was a fat little man in a cocked hat, the brim of which formed the rim of the mug. The little man had one hand in his pocket and was winking.

"How droll," said Linda, looking at the little man. She glanced at the basket. "These things, I think, must have come from the attic. I've never seen him."

"I guess you don't want him then," said Pen.

"No," she said. "He means nothing at all to me."

They went out and down the steps and sat with the rest of the people in chairs on the lawn.

Mr. Catlett stood behind a table at the top of the verandah steps.

The object at auction now was an old sofa in the Adams style. The bid had stalled at fifty-two dollars.

"What am I bid?" demanded Mr. Catlett again. "What am I bid, I say? Do I hear fifty-five?"

After a while Linda decided that she was hungry and Pen went around to the kitchen and bought two plates of chicken salad. When he returned Mr. Catlett was holding up the toby, and, though begging for an opening bid of at least ten dollars, had received one of only two.

"Please, ladies and gentlemen!" he cried. "Are there no lovers of old china here to-day? A toby jug, I say. A rare vessel made in England many years ago. Did none of you read the name of its maker? I'll tell you then—it is Thomas Whieldon! Now what do I hear?"

Pen smiled. The toby amused him. Everything amused him. "Fiver!" he called, just out of sheer good spirits.

"I hear five," declared Mr. Catlett. "Really a miserable bid. This is a very rare old piece and it deserves more consideration. Listen—there's a little verse on the bottom in old-style English lettering. It says—" Mr. Catlett held the jug upside down and peering through his glasses read:

"All Sutton and Potton Until the world's rotten."

He looked up. "Now what do I hear? I'm sure I don't know precisely what those old lines mean, but certainly they are evidence of antiquity. Please—who will say ten dollars?"

Mr. Catlett waited a moment, his eyes scanning the crowd, then he banged his gavel impatiently. "Going once," he said. "Going twice. Last all . . . Sold to the young man in the last row for five dollars."

Pen got up and walked toward the verandah, fishing a five-dollar bill from his wallet. Mr. Catlett began talking about the warming pan. "Come in mighty handy on a cold winter night," he was saying.

A woman in the first row of chairs opened the bidding on the warming pan with an offer of five dollars.

"Heck," laughed Mr. Catlett, "there's five dollars worth of copper in it." His glance roved casually, resting on Pen. "Do I hear ten?"

Pen had his mouth open to say it but another voice cut in. He looked quickly at the last row of chairs. It was Linda who had made the bid. She was standing, leaning forward eagerly, her eyes gleaming with excitement. She had, Pen realised with a stab of horror, at last seen what she wanted.

"Fifteen," he called to Mr. Catlett as he hurried back toward her. Linda cast a surprised, reproach-

ful look at him. "Twenty!" she said.

Pen reached the last row of chairs. "Twenty-five," he called apologetically over his shoulder.

"Thirty," said Linda determinedly.

"I have to have that!" Pen whispered urgently. "I was going to tell you—"

"Do I hear thirty-five?" Mr. Catlett demanded, cutting him off.

"Thirty-five," Pen said wretchedly.

"Forty," said Linda.

"Please!" Pen begged her. "Forty-five."

She stared at him, her eyes flashing. "I'll bid fifty dollars," she said in a flat outraged little voice.

"If you'd only listen—"

Mr. Catlett rapped his gavel. "There can be no collusion on the bidding," he warned them. "I shall have to ask you two young people in the last row to separate."

Linda promptly moved down to the end of the row.

"Now then," resumed Mr. Catlett, "I have a bid of fifty dollars. That's not enough. Who'll say seventy-five?" He looked expectantly at Pen.

Pen knew suddenly that he couldn't say it. He saw the situation now with a clarity that in his first excitement had been denied him. It wasn't just an old warming pan that Linda Fisk wanted; in that anachronistic piece of copper she saw the past, those golden days of a child on the farm, the snows and bright fires of those old family Christmases.

He looked at her and smiled. Mr. Catlett kept prodding him, demanding another bid, but he shook his head. He could get another job, but he knew he'd never meet a girl like Linda Fisk again.

He waited until she came down off the verandah with the warming pan tucked under one arm. He moved up to meet her, but she saw him coming and cut over on the other side of the chairs. She hurried down to the lane and got in the taxi that had brought them out. It started at once, casting pebbles in Pen's face as he ran up, just too late.

A FARMER gave him a lift into Catlett's and he jumped off the truck just as the two o'clock train downriver started pulling out of the station. He leaped for and swung on the last car.

After a search, he located Linda in a crowded carriage.

It wasn't, he realised as he paused by her seat, the best place in the world to explain things. He leaned over her. "I'm glad you got it," he said. "Please let me explain."

"Glad!" she muttered, not looking at him. "Hmmp!"

"I was supposed to get it. That's what I was sent up there for. I could have bid a lot more for it."

She looked up at him. "Why then," she remarked coldly, "didn't you?"

"Because I saw how much you wanted it."

She studied his face doubtfully. "You mean you just made a gesture—letting me have it?"

"I want you to have it."

"You mean you'll be in trouble with this—this Boylston and Company now because you didn't get it?"

"I'm not even thinking about that," he said. "I just don't want you to be offended, that's all—I just didn't want you to think—"

"You'll lose your job," she interrupted, "is that it?"

He reddened. He couldn't see why she was being so difficult about it.

"It's my job!" he reminded her. "I guess I've got a right to do what I want with it!"

"Well, I simply won't be responsible for you losing it! Oh, why did you ever make such a silly gesture?"

"Maybe it was a silly gesture," he said bitterly. He stared at her, stung by her lack of appreciation. "Maybe you've got something there!" He gave her an injured look and strode with dignity from the car.

Wretchedly, Pen paid off his taxi at the door of Boylston and Co.

He nodded to the clerk, who was preparing to leave, and walked back through the showroom to Mr. Boylston's private office.

Pen entered the room to find his employer seated at his desk in his shirt sleeves, presenting only the crown of his moist bald head. He

was writing. He finished a sentence, blotted it carefully and then looked up and saw Pen.

"Ah," he said, "it's you." Then he saw what Pen held. "A toby," he said softly.

Pen took the blank cheque from his wallet and laid it on the desk. "I didn't get it," he said.

Mr. Boylston put out his hand. "May I see it?"

"The warming pan—" Pen began.

"Winking the left eye," said Mr. Boylston. "The left hand in the pocket. Pen!" Mr. Boylston half-rose, leaning on the desk.

"Yes?" said Pen. He looked curiously at his employer, then at the toby. He set the toby on the desk. "Oh, this thing," he said distastefully. "I just—"

"Did you look on the bottom?" Mr. Boylston inquired in a taut whisper. "Is there anything there? Tell me, Pen!"

Pen slowly picked up the toby again. He couldn't conceive why Mr. Boylston was behaving so oddly. "There's the name of the maker," he told him, turning the jug upside down. "—Thomas Whieldon. And there's a kind of incomprehensible verse. It says:

"All Sutton and Potton Until the world's rotten."

He set the jug down on the desk and looked inquiringly at Mr. Boylston. Mr. Boylston was very still. He was slumped in his chair. He was breathing but his eyes were closed.

"Mr. Boylston!" Pen cried in alarm. He hurried around the desk. His employer, it appeared, had fainted.

Pen shook him gently but he did not open his eyes. Pen ran to the door to call the clerk but as he started through it he collided with a figure that yielded softly. A warming pan fell to the floor and rang with the deep mellow note of an old gong.

"You've got to take it!" Linda Fisk said breathlessly. "I just couldn't go home with it. Please do, Pendleton." She looked at Mr. Boylston, then back at Pen, and asked curiously, "What's wrong?"

"I don't know," said Pen. He looked at Mr. Boylston, who was now sitting up, blinking at the toby. "I, John Gaunt," declared Mr. Boylston in a queer sprightly voice.

"Do give and graunt Unto Roger Burgoyne And the heirs of his loyne All Sutton and Potton Until the world's rotten."

"Who is that?" Linda whispered.

"That's Mr. Boylston," Pen said.

"Wheel!" cried Mr. Boylston.

Pen walked warily toward the desk. "Now, Mr. Boylston—" he began.

Mr. Boylston glanced up. "Pen!" he said. "You know what this is, don't you?"

"No," Pen said. "A toby—"

"That's all I know. I haven't known even that much for very long."

"The find of a century!" Mr. Boylston marvelled. "And he doesn't know it!"

"Please don't fire him, Mr. Boylston," Linda begged. "He really got the warming pan after all."

"Fire him!" exclaimed Mr. Boylston. He gazed upon Pen lovingly.

"Where did you ever acquire such a ridiculous idea?" He held up the toby.

"This," he announced in a dramatic voice, "happens to be the missing Burgoyne toby! His two brothers are in museums—one in London, one in Boston. No one supposed this little fellow would ever be found. No one even looked for him any more. Why, I used to have dreams about finding this!"

Pen stared at the toby. "You mean then—it's actually worth something?"

"Worth something!" Mr. Boylston looked at him reprovingly. "Never speak of price in connection with a thing like this, Pen."

"You won't fire Mr. Scott then?" Linda persisted.

Pen glanced at Linda. "You mean you won't fire me—even if I didn't get the warming pan?"

Mr. Boylston stared at him, then he looked thoughtfully at Linda. Finally he regarded the warming pan which lay in plain sight on the floor. "Please," he said gently, "don't confuse me now. Why don't you two just run along?" He pointed to the warming pan. "And—although I cannot conceive your need of it—please, if you wish take that along."

(Copyright)

THE KING'S ENGLISH

By LEON WARE

HE fell out into the blackness and pulled the rip cord. Almost at once he was jerked upright, and he heard the plane's motor cough faintly in the distance. He hung suspended alone in a vast emptiness as the wind whistled gently through the shrouds above him.

Rain slashed at his face and somehow found its way up the flapping legs of his trousers. It was cold.

A car, with its masked lights making a tiny path ahead of it, growled slowly along below him, revealing that he was much closer to the ground than he had suspected. He caught the shrouds over his head and gathered himself for the shock. The night was completely black, with only the hissing rain to break its silence, and his eyes strained to see downward.

Suddenly a black mass of shrubbery reached for him, and he pulled frantically on the lines in his hands. He struck, staggered forward, and fell on his hands and knees, swearing.

As he brushed himself off, folded his black parachute, and hid it behind a sagging hedge, he was hugely pleased with himself. So completely was he equipped for his task that he automatically swore in English. He stepped to the roadway and turned towards the dark cluster of buildings in the hollow ahead.

At the point where his training told him the village "pub" would be, there was a brief glint of mellow light as the door was opened and quickly closed. He laughed to himself, contemptuously. A stiff drink and he'd be on his journey.

Avoiding the worst of the puddles, he picked his way to the village and pushed the "pub" door open. A quick glance revealed the room to be almost empty. An erect white-haired man in coarse tweeds sat at one of the two tables, a whisky and soda before him. The pink-cheeked barmaid pushed a foaming glass of beer across the counter to a little, pinched-faced Cockney whose soiled cap perched awkwardly on a bandage covering the top of his head.

All three glanced up indifferently at the stranger as he entered, casually tossed his precious briefcase on to a settle and came across the room to the bar.

"A double brandy, please," he said. He was pleased with the calmness of his voice. As the barmaid poured his drink, he said: "Beasty weather, what?"

"Miserable, isn't it?" she answered. When she pushed the brandy across the stranger paid her for it, counting out the exact change from his purse. The girl carefully dropped the coins into the cash drawer. She glanced up at the little man's bandage.

"Doctor take your stitches out to-day?"

The Cockney sipped his beer. "Yes, Jerry ain't 'arf given me something to remember him by."

The stranger smiled. "Aid rald?"

"That's right," said the little man

after a pause. "I was fire watching down Stepney way and the 'ole bloomin' ceiling comes down on me 'ead. Anyway, I got a week's holiday."

The stranger tossed off his brandy to cover his disgust. He thought, "A typical, stupid Cockney, so accustomed to misery that it never entered his microscopic brain to question the wisdom of keeping up with the vain struggle."

The white-haired man rose from his table. "Will you give me another whisky, please?"

"Another whisky? Yes, my lord."

The stranger turned to the Cockney.

"Got a smoke on you, old boy?"

"I believe I 'ave. 'Arf a jiff." A gold cigarette case was snapped open while he was still fumbling in his pocket.

"Have one of mine, if you don't mind Turkish," said the white-haired man.

"Thanks." He noticed for the first time that the white-haired gentleman had but one arm, the right. "You'll get worse than that out of this war," he thought.

He picked up the feathered darts on the bar and indicated the target on the wall. "Like a game?"

The little Cockney nodded and put down his beer. He wasn't a bad player but he stupidly penalised himself several times. Every time that this happened the young stranger commiserated with him politely. He was free with his cries of "Bad luck!" and greeted his own triumphs with an apologetic shrug. He knew how Englishmen behaved when they played games. When a last double got him the game he said, "I say, that was a rotten fluke."

"Nice shot," said the Cockney.

"And now," said the stranger, "drinks on me. The same again?"

He was conscious of a silence about him as he counted out the money. The white-haired man got up and came to the counter.

"I owe you for two rounds," he said to the barmaid, and then turning to the stranger held out his gold case. "Another cigarette?"

"Thanks."

The grey eyes met the stranger's eyes. His lordship said, "Newcomer here?"

The stranger nodded. "I came from up Colchester way."

His lordship nodded. "Identification?"

The young man presented his card with assurance. His lordship took it, turned it over and glanced up. "I'm perfect order," he said, "and very, very clean. Come along with me to the police station, will you? Just a few questions."

Startled, the stranger lashed out with his left fist, while his right hand darted towards the pistol hidden under his coat. At the same instant the little Cockney's boot crashed sickeningly against his shin, and, from the corner of his eye, he saw the barmaid swing down the mug she had been filling. He was



As the stranger lashed out with his left fist, the barmaid swung the heavy mug at him.

thinking frantically, "What did I do?" when the beer mug smashed over his head.

His lordship and the Cockney bowed; the barmaid gave her version of a curtsy. Each held a small leather box.

"I am told that you all suspected him," said the slight, fair-haired man whose face was familiar and beloved to the three of them. "Why?"

Despite the yellowish purple stain round his right eye, his lordship answered with ease. "I tumbled to him as soon as he fetched out a purse, sir. I've never yet seen an Englishman using one."

The barmaid blushed, an unusual thing for her to do. "Please, Sir, I thought it was queer the way he asked Mason for a cigarette. You don't catch many people cadging them these days. They're particular short down our way, and he took two without so much as a word."

The Cockney shuffled his feet and grinned. His nose was badly discolored; the swelling where the bone broke, was still obvious.

"Well, Your Majesty, I got it first thing he said to me. We was talking about me 'ead and he asked me if I got it in an air raid. 'Air raid'—that sounds funny. I says to me-self, Why can't he say blitz same as anybody else. Why, lumme, I says to myself, this blighter don't talk English."

(Copyright)

Souvenirs...



I was a Heinkel Bomber,
I flew across the sea
Escorted by twelve Messerschmitts,
To care for little me.
We ran into a Hurricane
And things that spat out fire,
I felt my bombs go hot and cold,
My Swastika perspire.
The Messerschmitts, the dirty dogs,
Made off for safer spheres,
I was a Heinkel Bomber,
But now I'm souvenirs.

* This amusing poem was sent to Mrs. G. Pogson, of Glamorgan Vale, Queensland, by her husband, Private O. J. Pogson, on active service with the A.I.F. in the Middle East.

The PAUL REVERE Swing

**Farce comedy of a
soulful musician
who yearned to be
a dashing cavalier.**

JOAN had a hard time keeping back the tears when she saw the reporters waiting beside the troop train. Other men, less famous than her betrothed, were able to kiss their sweethearts good-bye in privacy. But Puss Parker still belonged to his public, and so they were surrounded by an eager Press seeking the great ride-man's views on how it felt to be drafted.

Did he intend taking his clarinet with him, and, if so, could they grab a picture of him serenading his fiancée as the train pulled out?

Puss shook his head. "I can't do that, fellas," he said soberly. "I sorta lost the old upbeat after I heard what happened to the cats in France. Do you know what that Hitler did? He even went and broke up the musicians' union!"

The reporters exchanged uncomfortable glances. Mr. Parker always had a strange, sleep-walking quality about him, and at times it could be most disturbing. He was a grave, pudgy little man with large brown eyes and dark hair that was neatly parted in the middle. Like all great hot men, he could only say it with music, and to look into those large, wistful eyes and realise that this was to be one of the nation's first lines of defence was very upsetting.

"I get it," said a reporter. "You want to be a real fighting man."

Puss nodded eagerly, and put his arms around Joan. "I'm gonna be in the cavalry and have a horse and a sword. You know, just like in pictures."

Joan's lip quivered. To realise that Puss would be clear up there in camp with no one to think for him was more than any fiancée could bear. Something terrible was just bound to happen when he came in contact with authority. Puss always wanted to know why before he did anything. And if the officers were anything like those hard-faced sergeants who were already herding the men aboard the train...

Puss had seen the sergeants, too. Looked forlornly at Joan, so cute and smart in her little tailored suit. She had a tiny, tip-tilted nose and blue eyes that always understood what he was trying to tell her. Joan was blonde and Joan was lovely and just looking at her made him want to give.

"I gotta go now," he said to the reporters, "so maybe you better, too. I wanna tell somebody good-bye."

When they were alone he saw the tears welling in her eyes. "You don't need to worry," he said shyly. "I won't catch cold or anything."

"Oh, Puss," she said, "if anything happens to you—"

"Nothing will happen," he said soberly.



With a wild neigh, Star Shell charged furiously into the band.



The train was getting up steam, and as it whistled he took her in his arms for one last kiss. A photographer who had loitered behind flashed his bulb then, and Puss was still blinking when a noncom tapped him on the shoulder: "On the train, soldier!"

Ten days later Private Parker was herded aboard an army truck at the reception centre and set out for Fort Nixon. One of the largest camps in the country, it was well up the Pacific coast and training men for all branches of the service. Infantry, artillery, and mechanised troops were stationed there, as well as cavalry, but all that mattered to Puss was that he would be in the cavalry. It said so on his papers.

Eventually the truck turned off the highway, heading across the bumpy miles that led to Fort Nixon. It was in the foothills, and the truck was leaping and bouncing along the rutted road. Puss ignored the jolting by simply closing his eyes and pretending he was a cavalry officer and the troop was charging across the desert or something. He must have dozed, because they had suddenly arrived at the camp. The truck was deserted except for a large noncom who was glaring down on him.

"I said all out, buddy! Do you want me to put it in writing?"

Puss gathered up his belongings, including the large framed picture of Joan that he meant to put up in his quarters. "You don't need to," he said politely. "This is as far as I'm going."

The men were assembled on the parade ground and a personnel officer was checking them off when Puss fell into line. Standing beside the officer was a thin sergeant-major with horn-rimmed glasses. He was peering at the personnel list, and when Puss responded to the name of Charles William Parker his sharp eyes fastened on him.

"Parker," said the sergeant, "What's your nickname?"

The music world's answer to Adolf Hitler was suddenly apprehensive. "Well," he admitted unhappily, "some people call me Puss."

The stripes beamed on him, then, seizing his hand, "We've been waiting for you, Parker!" he said. "I'm Sergeant-Major Ellis. I thought you would never get here!" As Puss stared at him he dropped his voice, indicating the other men. "Some of these other boys might not like it if they heard we've got a lot of plans for you."

Puss nodded eagerly,

gathering up his things. To learn that the cavalry already had their plans laid around him was beyond his wildest dreams. As soon as he had picked out his horse he would write Joan all about it.

But, instead of taking him to the stables, the sergeant hustled him past the barracks and the headquarters building to the newly-erected Recreation Hall. He threw open the door, and Puss froze in his tracks.

Inside, the post band was busily rehearsing "The Stars and Stripes Forever," giving out with enough brass to knock your hat off. Sergeant Ellis beamed on him.

"I'm the leader," he said proudly, "and I'm putting you in at first clarinet, Parker. The minute I heard you had been called up for this camp I went right to work getting you transferred to our outfit. With you to carry the melody, we'll have a band that will make that Ninth Infantry outfit turn in their instruments!"

Puss' miserable gaze went from the band to the chevroned party beside him. "But I don't wanna play in the band," he said piteously. "If I'm gonna play clarinet I might as well stay home. I can't fight off no invaders with a floorice-stick!"

The sergeant froze. "Look, Parker," he said ominously: "you've been called up because the country needs you. If the army says you're going to play first clarinet, you're going to do it and like it!"

The sergeant was right. By one o'clock Puss had been assigned to a squad room, had his first meal in the messroom, and reported for rehearsal. His meeting with the brass was even more harrowing than he had suspected it would be. Sergeant Ellis was a reformed tuba, himself, and had little knowledge of the delicate emotions that go to make up a reed man.

The sergeant was strictly a brass artiste at heart, and for that matter, so were the rest of the men. They had no creative imagination and had to stick to the spots.

Private Parker had never bothered reading a note in his life, and to find himself sitting in with a lot of paper men was a fate worse than death.

They were all in there giving the American Eagle March a solid thumping, when Puss could suddenly stand it no longer. His despair at being exposed to these paper men had to come out somehow, and being Puss Parker, he could only say it with reed. Before he could help himself he was on his feet, grabbing

the melody on a soaring take-off. In another eight bars he was giving it a magnificent ride-out. His fellow artists, unable to cope with an ad lib, virtuoso, could only stare at him.

When he had finally beat himself right down to the bricks it was only to learn that the army didn't appreciate great jump time when they heard it.

"Parker," the sergeant-major said coldly, "hereafter you will play the music as it is issued. You will play it in fortissimo, not bounce. Do I make myself clear?"

Puss nodded dully. The rehearsal went on and on, and somehow he managed to confine himself to playing the spots, bad as they were.

That night, lying in his bunk, he realised there were no two ways about it. No matter how hard it was, he was going to have to think his way out of the band.

Before the week was out an ugly rumor suddenly swept the camp, spreading from the dispensary to the tents, from the barracks to the mess halls, and finally to headquarters itself.

When it reached the ears of the C.O., Major-General Sterling, he

plating the ceiling when they entered. One look at the stars on his visitor's collar and he promptly closed his eyes, quaking inside. The sergeant-major had already been down, suspicious that Private Parker was gold-bricking on him, and Puss had feigned sleep until the doctors shooed him away. Maybe it would work again.

The general stood by his bed a long time. Finally he cleared his throat. "He doesn't look very bright," he said dubiously. "I wouldn't be surprised if there was something wrong with him, at that."

Convinced then that the general's visit was solely for scientific reasons, Puss opened his eyes.

"There's nothing wrong with me," he said gravely. "I was just trying to explain why I couldn't be in the band any more, but as soon as I reported for sick call and told them what was wrong with me they hustled me over here."

The general stared at him. "They did, eh? What's your name?"

"Parker," he said politely, "but the alligators just call me Puss. You see, when I'm really cookin' with gas I set the cats to howling."

The general backed away, his ruddy cheeks suddenly ashen. The medico nudged him then. "Tell him what's wrong with you, Puss," he said gently. "Tell him why you can't play in the band any more."

"I lost my lip," said Puss. "I got up yesterday morning and found he didn't have a chance to talk to the officers about getting a card in their outfit. He did take the matter up with several sergeants, but still nothing happened."

Joan's letters were the one bright spot in this equine world. Those and the picture of her were all that sustained him against the indifference of the horses. The army mounts were strictly professional and regarded Puss with weary tolerance and no more. Only General Sterling's horse, Star Shell, showed a personal interest in the pudgy little man who was always sidling up to him and giving him a quick pat.

Star Shell was a big and belligerent grey and as explosive as his name. Even General Sterling gave him a wide berth, riding him on only the most necessary occasions. The other stable hands never ventured near him, and when Star Shell recovered from the first shock of Puss' friendly overtures he began to like it. Puss, sensing another misunderstood soul, cultivated him, until their currying acquaintance had ripened into friendship.

"I guess it's the weather," he said, sounding properly mournful. "My lip got so stiff that I couldn't riff it out at all."

Puss was peacefully contem-

The color had begun to creep back into the general's face once he understood the lyrics. "Then what's the idea of being in here?" he said gruffly. "They can put you on some other detail."

Puss brightened. "That's right. All I want is to get back in the cavalry!"

General Sterling harum-m-phed, surprised to learn a soldier actually existed under this rather odd exterior. "Cavalry?" he said. "Off-hand, I wouldn't have guessed you could ride."

"Oh, I can't," said Puss. "I just like being around horses. That's why I put in for the cavalry in the first place."

The general's face took on all the colors of the rainbow. Even his nose became red. "Very well," he roared. "I'll see to it that you're with horses!"

Puss leaned on his broom, wearily surveying the stables. In the past month he had seen nothing but horses, and it looked more and more as if there wasn't much of a future in the cavalry unless you could ride. But still no one came around to teach him. So filled with despair at being the army's forgotten man, he remained in the stable detail.

From reveille to retreat he was busy with curry and comb or bringing feed bags up from Supply, and the rest of the time he just went around with his broom. The troops had the mounts out in the field a large part of the day, and when they came back he was so busy that he didn't have a chance to talk to the officers about getting a card in their outfit. He did take the matter up with several sergeants, but still nothing happened.

Star Shell was a big and belligerent grey and as explosive as his name. Even General Sterling gave him a wide berth, riding him on only the most necessary occasions. The other stable hands never ventured near him, and when Star Shell recovered from the first shock of Puss' friendly overtures he began to like it. Puss, sensing another misunderstood soul, cultivated him, until their currying acquaintance had ripened into friendship.

Please turn to page 8

By RICHARD ENGLISH

was beside himself with fury. He was a large, red-faced party with a white military moustache, and his temper was well if not favorably known from Governor's Island to the Philippines. To have a civilian pick his camp in which to throw a wingding was a reflection on the whole Selective Service Act.

He went bristling down to the hospital and confronted the major in charge. "Why wasn't I informed about this man cracking up under martial law?" he demanded. "We can't have this going on, Major! It's bad publicity!"

The major shrugged. "We haven't much choice in the matter," he said dryly. "However, he was only brought in yesterday, and I've been hoping there would be an adjustment. Sometimes these psycho cases clear up by themselves."

The general stroked his moustache. "Psycho?" he repeated gingerly. "He's really violent, then?"

The medico shook his head. "Not at all. He simply has a curious fixation. You can look in on him if you want."

Puss was peacefully contem-

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THAT WAS
TORTURE
SHE HAD TO
TELL A
"white lie"

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The Paul Revere Swing

Continued from page 7

THEIR bond eventually reached the point where, after a particularly depressing day, Puss would sneak down after supper with his clarinet. There, with only the horses to observe him, he could seek refuge in music. Star Shell, frayed and fretful after a day of trying to get a quick bite out of any passing stranger, was particularly appreciative. Accustomed only to blaring bands, the melancholy reed soothed and quieted him.

He soon liked it so he would even come over and nuzzle the bell of the clarinet when Puss had given out with something that particularly touched him.

By then General Sterling was partially pacified with his recruits' efforts to look like something vaguely resembling soldiers, and he made ready for Fort Nixon's first review.

The night before the review Puss reached an all-time low. He was filled with the dreary knowledge that to-morrow fellows no brighter than himself would be following the colors and watching the big guns fire their salutes, while he just stayed down in the stables. When he thought of that, not even the picture of Joan could give him an upbeat. Sighing, he picked up his clarinet and slid out into the night.

As always, the stables were deserted at that hour. Star Shell occupied the first stall, and at the sight of the clarinet under Puss' arm he gave a warm, welcoming neigh. His appreciation, the one bright spot in a dark world, touched Puss.

So, as a tribute to his companion, he went into Star Shell's favorite. Of all the pieces in his library, Star Shell was particularly addicted to "I Ain't Got Nobody." Puss took it slowly at first, playing around with the mood, filling it out as only a great ride-man can do.

It began to flow faster and faster then, achieving a growing dirgelike tone. He was just striving for a quality he had once heard achieved by a disillusioned oboe, when he gradually became aware that the door had opened and someone was standing behind him. Puss turned slowly.

To his horror, General Sterling and two of his aides were there. The C.O. had been making one of his periodical night inspections when, passing the stables, he had heard Private Parker involved with his clarinet. Now he was staring at Star Shell with unbelieving eyes. In their long and tempestuous relationship he had never seen his mount so at peace with the world.

Puss was standing at attention when the general finally glanced at him. Puss managed a weak smile.

"Remember me?" he murmured.

The general's frown became a downright glare as he recognised him. Before he could speak his simmering mind, Puss said hurriedly, "In case you've been wondering, I'm ready now. I've learned all about horses. I can put on a saddle and everything."

General Sterling's face had the tinge of an overripe tomato. "That's fine," he said bitterly. "That's just dandy! Now, would you mind telling me just what you're doing in the stable at this hour?"

Puss swallowed. "I—I sometimes come down and keep Star Shell company," he said unhappily. "He likes to hear me give out. It sort of quiets him."

This complete disregard for the sacred regulations nearly made the general foam at the mouth. "Call out the guard!" he roared. "Call out the guard!"

The orderly at company headquarters had a hard time achieving a compromise between regulations and personal emotions when he took a second look at the blonde young lady who presented herself at his desk the next afternoon. Fort Nixon was overrun with feminine visitors that day, but none of them could be compared with this lovely dish who wanted to locate Private Charles Parker.

"I'm sorry, lady," he said, "but you won't be able to see him. He's confined to quarters."

Joan stared at him. "But I've come all the way from Los Angeles to surprise him!" Then, realising what the man had said, she asked weakly, "Has he—has he done something wrong?"

The orderly shrugged. "You'll have to ask the captain about the details, lady. The captain will be in after the review." He casually straightened his tie. "However, if you would like someone to show you around—"

Joan shook her head. Gone now were all thoughts of surprising her own little warrior. The knowledge that Puss had finally driven the army too far banked all other matters from her head. "Thanks just the same," she said. "I'll be back after the review."

At that moment her loving fiancé was feeling quite as bad about it as she was. He was perched on an upper bunk, gloomily watching an infantry company march up the street. The barracks were silent and deserted, and he was growing more morose every minute. He wanted to see the review.

Suddenly he realised that he could. If he went out the door, some M.P. would be sure to see him, but if he were to slip out a window he could disappear into the brush and work his way up the hill behind the barracks. The very hill from which reveille was blown each morning.

Five minutes later he emerged on the crest of the hill and let out a long, pleased sigh at the sight of the thousands gathered below.

Spectators crowded in on all sides of the huge parade grounds, watching the regiments wheel into place. The command was already forming in review, and everywhere Puss looked there were newsreel cameras. The governor of the State and even a dozen War Department brass hats were there.

General Sterling, himself, was acting as the reviewing officer. He was mounted on Star Shell, and even from this distance Puss could tell the big grey was pawing and restless as the command was brought to attention. On those rare occasions when the general rode him it immediately became a tug between two iron wills, and seldom did the C.O. get better than a tie.

The honors completed and the inspection over, General Sterling was ready to receive the review. The distinguished civilians were grouped behind him as the troops, led by the band, started around the grounds. As they approached the reviewing post the sergeant-major brought down his baton and the band burst into "El Capitan March." The brass, ninety strong, threw away the stops, and the results were something to curl Hitler's hair.

FOR that matter, it curled Star Shell's, too. At that first brassy onslaught, he had reared sharply, almost throwing the dignified party astride him. When the band was actually upon them, dishing it out in fortissimo, Star Shell was beyond restraint.

He had always regarded brass bands as a lot of noisy nonsense. Now, having been completely wooed away by Puss' plaintive reed, he could simply tolerate them no longer. With one gigantic bolt he got the bit in his teeth and, giving a wild neigh, which was picked up by half the cavalry mounts present, he went plunging right into the source of the trouble.

The band scattered in all directions, completely stampeding the distinguished civilians present. Only the newsreel men had the presence of mind to remain at their posts. If they lived they were getting one of the greatest exhibitions of catch-as-catch-can riding that would ever be presented on any screen. The general, never too sure of his seat, was holding on for dear life.

Suddenly, just when it seemed he must be thrown from the saddle, there was an eerie wail that sounded as if a hundred clarinets had met in one anguished chorus.

Afterward some few spectators swore that it had even sounded like the opening bars of "I Ain't Got Nobody." Only Puss Parker could have testified they were right. All else was lost in the melee and confusion. Puss, standing there on that hill, had felt as bad about that brass as Star Shell had. It wasn't, however, until his friend went completely berserk and was seemingly intent on destroying the general that Puss realised only he could save the day.

Looking wildly about, he noticed the amplifying horns rising above him. They were the same horns that carried the bugle calls each day. Puss had his clarinet, and in another minute he was playing into the microphone that was hooked up with the horns. The resulting volume terrified even himself.

He saw, however, that it was not in vain. Star Shell had recognised that beloved licorice-stick. His mad bucking ceased and he was already gentling, appeased with the dispersal of the band.

Suddenly the clarinet stopped completely. Half a dozen M.P.'s had come racing up the hill, and, descending on Puss from all sides, hurried him to the ground.

From the moment she heard that clarinet Joan was sure her fiancé would never see the light of another day. With this coming on top of everything else, they would probably just take him out and shoot him. Only her tearful pleading finally moved the captain enough to let her see the prisoner. By then the review was long since over. It was dusk, and the guardhouse was grey and forbidding.

They brought Puss in, and when he saw who it was and took her in his arms she could hold back the tears no longer. "Oh, Puss," she sobbed. "Puss, darling!"

There was the sound of heavy footsteps coming down the corridor, and then the guard threw the door open, admitting General Sterling. For once he was unaccompanied. He dismissed the guard and stared at Joan, nervously stroking his moustache. It would be most embarrassing if this young lady had already informed the prisoner that the review had ended in splendid fashion. Once Star Shell had quieted, with the general still in the saddle, the crowd had stormed its applause.

Then, for the first time, the general had suddenly realised that he was quite a hero. No fool, he had promptly dismounted, banishing Star Shell to the stables, and finished the review on foot.

The general harum-m-phed. "Parker," he said sternly, "I've been thinking over this, a little matter before I call up a board. Because of extenuating circumstances, I'm inclined to be lenient with you."

"You are?" Puss said faintly. "Honest?"

The general nodded, nervously wiping his forehead. "In going over your civilian record I learned you had national prominence as a musician. Considering that, I'm inclined to forget to-day's unfortunate episode. In fact, as a mounted band is being sent to this post I am even considering making you the leader of it."

Puss was too stunned to even speak. To have a chance to lead a band on horseback, giving the soldiers that old upbeat before they went into battle! Why, it was even better than being in the cavalry!

The general coughed then. "It just happens," he said, "that the newsreels were fortunate enough to secure some very fine film of my—my subduing Star Shell. They were most impressed with my horsemanship and say that the pictures will be, well, quite sensational."

He frowned at Puss. "Naturally, I would not wish any stories cropping up that might place these newsreel men in a bad light. As, for example, if someone were to think that Star Shell's extraordinary appreciation of your talents had influenced his behaviour. In the general excitement I believe your efforts were practically unnoticed."

Joan could hardly believe her ears. Puss nodded eagerly, catching the melody. "There won't be any stories," he said. "In some ways I'm real bright."

"Oh, General," said Joan, "I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't bother," he said briskly, starting for the door. "In fact, don't even mention it." He hesitated a moment, glancing back at them. When the young man had a better grip on himself he would inform him he could even have Star Shell. The general had decided on another and less susceptible mount. But this was hardly the time to bring that up.

The prisoner was busily kissing his fiancée.

(Copyright)



Don't Worry About Me...

Wartime romance of Amelia, who feared that she would spend all her life as odd one out

APIER ten years, Amelia met Rags again by emptying a steaming hot cup of coffee into his lap.

Rags swore lustily, wiped his uniform with a dish-cloth, and looked at Amelia. "By all the saints!" he said slowly. "You were always a clumsy brat, Amelia! You haven't changed a bit."

Which was a bit of an exaggeration. Amelia, at ten, was a vastly different proposition from Amelia at twenty.

True, her eyes were still faintly like those of a spaniel who, in spite of kicks and coaxings, refuses to leave the heel of her master—and that look was present when she looked at Rags.

Amelia, at ten, had worn starched pinafores and her hair in plaits with no nonsense about them. Amelia, at twenty, still wore pinafores when she was working at the canteen, which she seemed to do for about twenty hours out of the twenty-four. But her hair had plenty of nonsense about it now—it was swept up from her head, then coiled in very fascinating and intriguing curls.

Maybe it was because they were so carefree that they caused so much attention. Quite a number of young men had gone off to fight with a memory of a riot of golden, red-streaked hair curling like a diadem about a small, proud head.

"It's you," she told Rags breathlessly, all lost dreams coming winging back to startling life. "It's you that hasn't changed! You're not"—her dark eyes were suddenly alive with suspicion—"you're not going out there—now?"

He laughed at her easily, bending over and untying her pinafore with the same lightning movement as he had done ten years before. Then, before she knew what he was about, his strong hands were on her waist, and he had lifted her over the counter, as if she was still a podgy little girl.

"No," he told her gaily. "I have one precious fortnight to spare. What about you coming along and sharing it with me? For old times' sake?"

Something was nudging at her memory—something connected with those old times he was trying to revive. There had been a threesome, in the old days, Rags, Amelia—and David.

She had been the odd one out, always. It had been something of a legend, even then, the devotion which existed between the two boys. The queerest thing about it, to Amelia, had been their contrast, the fact that they seemed to have nothing in common at all. Rags was all life—gay, sparkling, exhilarating, never still. David was a year older in years, and half a century older in ways and ideas.

He was the necessary brake on Rags' streamlined swiftness.

And he hated Amelia.

She had met the two brothers one summer afternoon, when they were playing pirates. She was lonely—her childhood had always been lonely, thanks to a travel-mad mother and a morose bookworm of a father. She had spent hours in strange hotel bedrooms, long lonely holidays with a deaf aunt. When she had strolled into the garden next door and found David and Rags, it had seemed as if she had strolled into heaven. Rags had turned to David.

"Shall we let her play with us?" he had asked casually.

David, a solemn, round-faced little boy, had looked her over.

"No," he had said firmly. "Girls spoil things."

Rags had laughed at Amelia.

"They're useful, Dave," he had said casually. "After all, they can carry things, and be all the things men don't want to be."

It seemed to sum up Rags' opinion of women in those days. Amelia had attached herself to them earnestly, had carted and carried for them, allowed herself to be tied to trees, and when they forgot to

come and rescue her until she was stiff and cold, had managed to utter a staunch "Don't worry about me."

Rags had made use of her on the rare occasions when Dave wasn't about—which wasn't often. On the day they took Dave to have his appendix out, Amelia had known twelve hours of bliss, when Rags had been entirely her own.

There had followed a wonderful four weeks without David—Amelia had been accepted by Rags, allowed an entry into their most precious

secrets, even to the hiding-place in the old oak.

But directly Dave came back, everything changed. Instantly she was consigned to her old position. David resented her knowledge of all the secrets, scrapped the lot, and made new ones.

Rags forgot her completely, and when she went back to school at the end of the holidays didn't even come to the station to wave goodbye, or ask her to write.

She hadn't seen him since. Her father had died and her mother

married again. Amelia left school and took up a somewhat fitful secretarial job. She heard, occasionally, in a rather vague and roundabout way, of David and Rags.

They had gone to college, together of course, had rather excelled themselves in rowing and science respectively, and had since entered into the medical world and the somewhat vague world which revolved around Fleet Street.

As far as Amelia could make out, Rags spent most of his time getting new jobs—but that only enhanced him in her adoring eyes, because she liked a man with spirit, and no man with spirit stayed in one job long. Amelia, of course, was very young.

Then the war came and, with the casualness that is war, knocked the hat off Amelia's life and sent her scurrying for a new one. Her offices closed down overnight, and her employer mysteriously disappeared, taking Amelia's salary with him and her prospects of a good reference.

Fortunately, however, the country didn't seem so much interested in Amelia's references as her ability to make decent cakes and serve up a good hot cup of coffee. They took

Amelia on her face value—which was pretty good. The Tommies seemed to like it, anyway—and her coffee, too.

And then—Rags. If the war had done little else for her, it had brought Rags back into her life, and her heart.

"My dear," he was telling her now, oblivious of the little collection of soldiers who were demanding coffee, "we've simply got to get out of here. We must talk. I know now what I've been missing all these years—you!"

She grinned at him, and waved a hand at the counter.

"I'm off duty at midnight," she told him cheerily. "Come back for me then—please."

He came back, just when she was coming to the conclusion that he had forgotten her again. It was nearly half-past twelve, and the crowd had thinned, except for a fine khaki line that lounged against the counter waiting for the dawn train.

She forgot he was late—forgot everything except her realisation that her childish love for him was undimmed.

"Rags asked me to tell you he couldn't come," David said quietly.

By LILIAN CHISHOLM

Please turn to page 10



A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

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HORLICKS

Don't Worry About Me

Continued from page 9

"I HAD a call from David," Rags told her eagerly. "Goah, was he surprised when he knew I'd seen you. You've got to see Dave, Amelia; he's still the same old stodge as he always was. He's in the medical corps, and I'm keeping him in reserve for when I want my head taken off."

She lifted her face to his as they wandered down the black street. She was living again, after a long interval of just existing. The intervening years had never been—she had taken up the threads just where she had put them down ten years ago. David was only a background—a background that might never be anything more. They were older now.

"I'll see a lot of you before you go?" she asked him, and he turned and grinned down at her.

"We'll have a week entirely on our own," he told her gaily. "And then David is coming up to town for a week, to be with me before I go. Three of us. It will be just like old times, Amelia—such fun!"

It would be, she thought wistfully, until David came. Then it would be like old times still more—with David resenting her, ignoring her, trying to push her out of their magic circle.

The week passed magically. They had such brief outings—she was on duty until midnight, he had to get back to camp at dawn.

Rags borrowed a car from a friend, and they went ponderously about the suburbs, crawling through the blackout, giggling like children when they bumped against the kerb, and almost ran over an old dust-bin.

It was like being young all over again—and, like children, they took no thought of the morrow, or what it would bring. Rags was the ideal companion, always gay, always laughing.

"You'll never grow up," she told him happily, one early dawn, when

they crawled back to town. "You're Peter Pan, darling."

He held her close, his arms so strong and sure.

"A girl doesn't call a man darling unless she loves him," he told her, suddenly serious. "Not girls like you, Amelia."

Her face was a faint blur in the dawn.

"No, I know, Rags," she said simply. He kissed her—just as he had kissed her that one short holiday, when Dave was in hospital.

"Then there's only one thing to do," he told her confidently. "Marry. Isn't that it?"

"That's it, Rags," she said, scarcely able to believe her ears. It wasn't often that fairy-tales came true in real life, but it seemed this one had.

David came with Rags the next night. He stood outside the canteen, and she could see his silhouette through the haze of smoke and steam inside.

"Dear old Dave is outside," Rags told her exuberantly. "He's coming to celebrate with us, bless his sober old heart. He's pleased, really, dear."

She wiped up the last cup mechanically. Dave, seen out there, looked so solid. He always had been a solid sort of person.

"Well, why not?" she asked gaily, putting down her cloth and whisking off her pinafore. "We don't care, anyway, do we, Rags?"

So this was David.

They stood staring at each other in that station of tragedy and reunion. She felt a strange calm upon her as she held out her hand to the quiet-eyed man before her.

"Amelia." That was all he said. Rags watched them both impatiently, grinning at them.

"Lord help us—you've struck her dumb, Dave!" he said gaily. "Come on—cheer up and smile, you old so-and-so. David thinks life is real, life is earnest, Amelia—don't you, old boy? Listen, don't tell a soul, but I've found a place where we can dance. Only a few people know about it—and one of them's me. Go get your glad rags, Amelia—and Dave and I will pick you up in half an hour."

She dressed slowly, carefully, because there was a funny, perplexed feeling in her heart. Before David came back, everything had seemed gay, delightful. But it wasn't any more—just because she had looked into a pair of keen grey eyes she had once hated.

She dabbed powder on carelessly, and then wiped it all off again. Her hand trembled. It was foolish to be this way. She couldn't possibly like David, because she was in love with Rags—always had been. Besides, David had never liked her—never would.

Rags rang her up, just as she was despairing of them coming to fetch her.

"Darling—you'll probably be furious," Rags told her lightly over the phone, "but David and I met a few old school pals after we left you. They want us to go to a stag party with them before they all go over there. You know how it is, darling—David wants to go."

David wanted to go. The years between might never have been.

She was a little girl again, waiting for a Rags who didn't turn up—or, if he did, came only to tell her that he was going somewhere with David.

"That's all right, Rags," she said staunchly. "Don't worry about me, dear. I'll be all right—see you tomorrow, perhaps."

She had a night's rest—the first for weeks—but she didn't sleep. She had been a fool, thinking she could gate-crash back into their lives—Rags and David. They were complete without her—they were sufficient to each other, always had been.

They might have done for a solemn little girl—but she wasn't a little girl any more. She was a woman—and she wanted a man's whole attention.

David came to the canteen the next night, alone. She found him waiting outside for her as she came out. Her heart lurched suddenly, queerly.

"Rags asked me to tell you he couldn't come," he told her quietly; "asked me to come along instead. His leave has been cancelled this

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—Knitting needles click on busily! And if you want them to produce moss-stitch, you knit Alternate plain and purl rows—alternate plain and purl stitches with an uneven number on the needle—alternate plain and purl stitches with an even number on the needle.
- 2—Noticing that the handsome A.I.F. officer with whom you are dancing wears three stars on his shoulder, you identify him as a Lieutenant—Major—Captain—Colonel.
- 3—"I'm bringing you home a period," telephoned the husband. Whereupon his wife promptly Made a nice sauce to go with it—fished out the bird cage to put it in—prepared a garden bed to plant it in—decided to have it made into a brooch.
- 4—You know, of course, that the first air-raid on Australia occurred at Darwin. That was last January 31—March 3—February 7—February 19—January 16.
- 5—Nothing like bright music for keeping up the morale. As, for instance, that ever-popular number "Velia" from "Naughty Marietta" — "The White Horse Inn"—"The Student Prince"—"The Merry Widow"—"The Chocolate Soldier."
- 6—The ampere? Oh yes, it belongs in electricity, being the unit of Current — resistance—power—pressure.
- 7—"The South will wake to a mighty change ere a hundred years are done. With arsenals west of the mountain range and every spur its gun." A remarkable prophecy that, seeing that it was made last century by Henry Lawson — Tennyson—Adam Lindsay Gordon—Rudyard Kipling.
- 8—After all the whirling political changes of wartime years, can you still remember that the Premier of France at the outbreak of the war was Blum—Le Brun — Daladier—Reynaud.
- 9—Feeling an urge to travel as far north as possible, you would visit, of the following towns, Cooktown — Cairns—Broomer—Daly Waters—Newcastle Waters.
- 10—What are you like with Roman figures? For instance, "MD" stands for 90—150—1500—1100—40.
- 11—Na Davis Cup these days to delight tennis enthusiasts. But, of course, you remember that the last one, concluding just at the outbreak of war, was won by Britain — America — France—Australia—Japan.

Answers on page 11

morning—I'm sorry. You will come? I can't offer you much amusement, of course—but if you'd care to walk a bit?"

She hesitated.

"You don't have to take me, David," she told him slowly. "I mean—there's no need to worry about me, really. I was always a bit of a worry to you, wasn't I?"

He smiled at her.

"Let's forget all about that for once, shall we?" he said evenly. "We both love Rags now—that ought to give us some sort of common ground on which to meet."

Out there in the darkness he began to talk. Not much, at first, but as they went along, he began to tell her about his work, his ambitions. She listened quietly, her heart play-

ing her strange tricks. This was the man who had always come between her and Rags, and this—this was the man she loved.

It was frightening, breath-taking. It couldn't happen this way, it wasn't fair to a woman. She loved Rags—all the gay happiness and brave defiance that was Rags. How could she love this quiet, solemn-eyed man, who took life so soberly, so earnestly?

They stopped beside the river—the water which all the blackouts in the country could not dim.

"David—" she began suddenly, then stopped. He turned and looked at her, and she drew back at the coldness of his eyes.

Please turn to page 11

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"ISN'T it time we were getting back?" he asked her. "I have work to do, and you, of course, need your sleep."

She bit her lips, averting her face that he might not see the tears in her eyes. He had always snubbed her so cruelly. She knew, now, why she had always hated him so childishly—because, even as a child, her heart had known that it loved him, and that he would have none of her.

"I'm sorry to have been such a nuisance," she told him quietly. "You go on home, David. I'll get home all right—you don't need to worry about me."

For a moment he stared down at her. Then he held out his hand, took hers.

"No, I don't, do I?" he said strangely. "Rags will look after you, Amelia. He's the finest man in the world—don't ever forget that, will you?"

She cried herself to sleep. From the dressing-table Rags grinned boyishly at her unperturbed by her grief and distress. She got out of bed and, childishly, turned Rags to the wall—then impulsively turned him back again. After all, it wasn't Rags' fault.

David rang her up the next morning.

"I shan't be seeing you again for some time," he told her quietly. "I shall probably be going abroad next week. Rags is leaving to-morrow, as you know. I hope to be somewhere near him—so that I can keep an eye on him for you, Amelia."

She caught her breath.

"Yes?"

"Amelia—it isn't easy to ask you this," he said slowly, "but I was wondering if you would stand aside, just this once—let me have Rags for this last day and night?"

She stood very still, her hand clutching the receiver. There was a cold anger in her heart.

"Do you suppose for a moment that Rags would want that?" she demanded passionately. "All my life I've been standing aside for you, David. You're selfish—you hate me, resent my coming back into Rags' life, don't you? Rags would rather be with me."

"I know, Amelia," he said quietly. "But that's what I'm asking you to do. Tell Rags you can't see him, that you have to stay on duty, anything. I—I want you to do this, Amelia. Let me have Rags until he goes out there."

"All right," she said dully. "You win, David. I'll send a note to Rags. But if you think you're coming be-

Don't Worry About Me

Continued from page 10

tween Rags and me, you're mistaken. When he comes back—"

"I'll never interfere again, Amelia," he told her soberly. "As God is my witness. Directly the war is over, I'm taking work in America. I shall probably not come to England. You can have Rags to yourself then."

The night was endless. At dawn that train would slip away and take Rags with it. Rags—the Peter Pan

Animal Antics



"Let's move into the apartment below . . . the folks there have gone north for the winter."

who had given her her only glimpse at childhood, the eternally young. She had fallen in love with his youth, because she had missed her own youth. It was only when she met David that she knew what real love could mean. Not laughing and playing, but suffering and enduring, and winning through to a great understanding.

Rags' letter came to her in the morning. He had written it at the station.

"David was splendid," he wrote eagerly. "Of course we hated not having you with us, dearest. Maybe you have often wondered if I really loved you. I have always loved you, Amelia, even when you were a fat, freckled kid!"

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"Keep an eye on old Dave whilst I'm away, sweetheart—and keep your chin up. He's the real goods—try and like him, Amelia, for my sake."

She laughed at that—laughed until she was shaken and broken with sobs. Rags, begging her to try and like David! Rags, going off so gladly, so eagerly, into the dawn, serenely confident of her devotion and loyalty. And all the time—all the time—

She saw nothing of David. It was as if the brief interlude had been some fantastic dream.

Work grew more intense each day, and then, one early dawn, when she had worked herself to a standstill, she found David waiting for her outside. She looked into his face, and knew.

"No!" she whispered protestingly, all her heart in angry revolt. "No, not Rags!"

He took her hand, as if she were a small child, and led her into the grey street.

"He didn't suffer very much," he told her woodenly. "They're sure of that. And he was very brave."

She couldn't understand, at first. There was a sick emptiness in her life, where once Rags had been.

She turned on David fiercely, her lips twisted.

"And you kept him away from me, on that last night!" she accused him bitterly. "You always hated me, and you let him go without seeing me. And he loved me, though you never believed that, did you? But it was true—true, I tell you."

He took hold of both her hands, and held them firmly.

"I know," he said simply. "That was why. I knew, that last time I saw you, that you did not really love Rags—not as he thought you loved him. Rags would have known; he always knew things like that. However hard you had acted, Amelia, he would have known."

"But, my way, he went out believing in your love, with never a fear or a doubt in his mind or his heart. Don't you see?"—his eyes blazed suddenly—"can't you believe I only did it for his sake?"

She stared at him, puzzled.

"But—you couldn't have known," she said slowly. "I never told you I didn't love Rags."

His lips curled—but his eyes smiled at her.

"You didn't have to," he said quietly. "You never had to tell me anything. Amelia, little stupid. I knew you so well—so long. Your thoughts were written in your eyes for me to read, child—right from the start."

Her eyes were wide, her lips trembling.

"But—you always hated me," she whispered.

He turned from her and leaned against the Embankment wall.

"Did I, Amelia?" he said dully. "Let's put it another way. I loved Rags, and he loved you. I knew that, when we were very young, Amelia. I wanted Rags' happiness more than anything on earth, and so"—he shrugged his shoulders—"it sounds ridiculous, I suppose, but I thought: 'the best way of making you fall in love with Rags was to make you hate—me.'"

"You succeeded very well, David," she said softly, "didn't you? But why—why did you do so much for Rags?"

"He was not my brother," he told her quietly. "You see, Rags' parents adopted me a year before Rags was born. They had given up hope of a baby, and they took me from an orphanage. When Rags was born, they were determined that I should never suffer because I was not their own."

The answer is—

- 1—Alternate plain and puri stitches with an uneven number on the needle.
- 2—Captain.
- 3—Decided to have it made into a brooch.
- 4—February 19.
- 5—"The Merry Widow."
- 6—Current.
- 7—Henry Lawson. (In the poem, "The Star of Australasia.")
- 8—Deladler.
- 9—Cooktown.
- 10—1500.
- 11—Australia.

Questions on page 10

HE

was silent a moment, then went on. "I was always treated as their elder son. But I knew the truth—a talkative nursemaid saw to that—and I was determined I would never cheat Rags of anything in life that he wanted."

"He wanted you, Amelia. They had given me so much—a name, a home, love, and Rags for a brother. He shared everything with me, darling—a homeless, nameless child who might have had nothing at all."

"David," she whispered. "Rags once said to me that a girl never called anybody 'darling' unless she loved a man. Does that apply to men, too?"

"You know," he told her quietly, "don't you, Amelia? I think he'd want it this way, wouldn't he?"

"His last words," she told him, "were: 'Take care of old Dave for me. He's the real goods.' However much you loved him, David—he loved you, too. It has been a very precious friendship."

They were very quiet. There seemed no need for words. It was as if, standing so still, they could hear the third of their triangle laughing and talking, as he always did—running on ahead of them, eagerly, excitedly.

"It's funny, Amelia," David said thoughtfully, "it's almost as if he knows, and is pleased."

Then he turned and looked at her, his eyes gentle.

"I'll come back soon, Amelia. What will you do, while I'm away? I hate to think of you here, alone."

She held his hand, and smiled at him. Always, in their hearts, they would keep Rags as they had seen him last—gay, cheery, the eternally young. By his death he had brought them together, and united their love for him.

"You'll come back," she told David confidently. "I know it, dear. And until you come, I'll be happy enough, waiting here. Don't worry about me."

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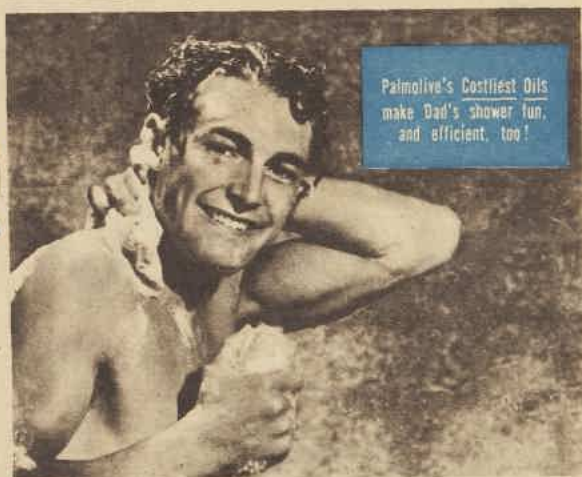


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make Dad's shower fun,
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Jane says: "Palmolive's
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The CARDBOARD Blue

By WALTER
RIPPERGER

A COMPLETE LIFT-OUT MYSTERY NOVEL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SANTRY

YOUNG John Nairne, with an air of helplessness, looked about the little office. The floor, the table, the shabby roll-top desk at the back of him were all strewn with papers, papers he himself had scattered about in an effort to find something—a legacy his father had left him.

This wasn't his own office. It was his father's. John Nairne hadn't been in business, wouldn't know how to go about conducting a business.

His life had been spent in English schools and then afterwards there had been those three years in Paris in the Latin Quarter, where he had studied painting until an urgent summons from his father had led him to take the first steamer for New York, arriving just two days too late. His father had died two days before John Nairne's steamer docked.

Old Duncan Nairne had been found late one night, slumped over his desk, by the cleaner. In front of him lay an unfinished note addressed to John Nairne, his son.

His death had been brought on by heart failure and had come not unanticipated by old Duncan Nairne, as his note indicated clearly enough.

"My boy, 'You and I haven't seen much of each other, haven't seen anything of each other for sixteen years in fact, and I want you to know that this separation was not due to any lack of affection for you on my part, but because of cir-

cumstances over which I had no control.

"You were a fine, upstanding lad when I last saw you, the sort of a son of whom any father could be proud, and I've done my best in my own mad way, without counting the cost, to provide a future for you. True, this business which I started here wasn't a success. I'm now hopelessly bankrupt. But nevertheless I am able to leave you a sizable fortune, more than enough to render you financially independent for the rest of your life and enable you to pursue the career of an artist unhampered by the sometimes hopeless struggle of trying to earn a living.

"Just how I acquired this fortune needn't concern you. If by chance you should discover its source, don't let your conscience trouble you. England owes me and others a lot. That world-mad Europe! Those years in the trenches! The nights of horror, of nameless terror!

"Can any amount of money make that up to me? Can they ever pay me or erase the knowledge from my mind that your mother died alone, without me at her side, while I was crawling over the top in France, fighting a war to end wars? A war to end wars—what nonsense!

"Forgive me for rambling on in this way. I haven't long to live. It's my heart—I hope the old pump will last until you get here, so that I can tear up this note and tell you the things you must know myself. Perhaps I can make you understand the thing that Devil Darrell and the rest of us did, make you see it in its true light and explain to you why your legacy consists of a piece of cardboard, a piece of cardboard in an envelope in my desk, a piece of cardboard with . . .

It was days before John Nairne could bring himself to go through his father's papers and search for that envelope. What a strange note his father had left behind.

"Don't let your conscience trouble you," old Duncan Nairne had written. And who was Devil Darrell?

John Nairne kicked the papers at his feet idly about. Bills, bills and more bills! There seemed to be nothing else but bills. What a struggle it must have been for his father to educate him, to give him those years in Paris. How he must have been harassed and hounded by creditors. And yet somewhere there was a fortune, a fortune of which he hadn't even partially availed himself, but was leaving to his son.

The Cardboard Clue

JOHN NAIRNE'S

fine, narrow features grew more troubled as he contemplated the matter. A brooding look came into his dark eyes. In a distraught way he studied for a while a card that lay on the table before him, some sort of an advertisement that his father had received from a man named I. Marmaduke Drake, who termed himself Agent.

From the announcement it appeared that if you were in any difficulty whatsoever, you had only to apply to I. Marmaduke Drake and confide your troubles to him and your troubles would be straightened out in no time. Silly nonsense!

John Nairne pushed the card contemptuously to one side, picked up a heavy paper-cutter from the table and swung about in the swivel chair so that he was facing the roll-top desk. He had emptied that desk completely with the exception of the centre drawer. That drawer was locked and he didn't know where the key was.

He inserted the thin edge of the paper-cutter between the drawer and the top of the desk, pressed down and found that it was a simple matter to spring the lock of this battered article of furniture and pull out the drawer. It was empty except for one thing—a yellow envelope bearing on the face of it the legend in his father's handwriting: "To my son John."

His heart beat faster as he picked it up and stared at it. This was it, the thing he had been looking for, the document which would make clear to him how he would obtain his inheritance! After a long time he tore the envelope open, reached inside and extracted its contents. The envelope contained only one thing, a piece of cardboard!

It was some six inches wide and eight inches long. There were slots cut horizontally in the cardboard, slots that were irregularly spaced, about two inches long and a quarter of an inch wide.

John Nairne stared at the thing with wide, unbelieving eyes. What did it mean? What was it? The cardboard was absolutely blank on both sides, contained not a word of explanation.

In a dazed way he kept turning the thing over and over and began wondering if it held some message written in invisible ink, a message that could be brought to light by a chemical reagent. He had heard of such things. In some inexplicable way his mind reverted to the card on the table, the card from I. Marmaduke Drake, Agent, and he wondered what that gentleman would make of this situation.

A lot, no doubt—in exchange for a substantial fee. Substantial fees reminded him of his own financial position. The trip over had used up practically all of his quarterly allowance. He had about three dollars in his pocket, and that was all. An examination of his father's bank-book had disclosed the fact that the latter had a balance of exactly one dollar and sixty-two cents. A pleasant state of affairs.

Mechanically, almost without thinking, he folded up the cardboard and stuffed it into his inside pocket.

It was then that he heard the sound of footsteps in the little outer office, saw the communicating door open in a hesitant manner and a little man standing on the threshold.

He was a spare little figure with a narrow face, pale, watery eyes, and thin lips. There was an ugly scar that ran diagonally from the corner of his right eye toward his ear. Wispers of greying hair showed below his aged bowler.

"Did you wish to see someone?" John Nairne asked.

The little man came farther into the room. He nodded his head, then shot quick glances in every direction, to the empty desk, to the table, to the floor littered with crumpled papers.

"My name is Seebey," he said after a time in a thin, colorless voice. "Ben Seebey. I'm in the old furniture business, a sort of a junk-man." He stopped and looked questioning at John Nairne, as if trying to determine what sort of an impression he was making.

"Go on," said John Nairne.

"I saw in the papers," Seebey said slowly, "some days ago, a notice of Mr. Nairne's death. I make it my business to watch for that sort of thing," he explained apologetically, "and it occurred to me that maybe

his office equipment might be for sale."

"I suppose it is," John Nairne said doubtfully. His eyes travelled about the shabby room. Perhaps he could get twenty or thirty dollars for this junk. "What's it worth to you?"

Ben Seebey looked away. He stroked his chin thoughtfully. After a long time he said:

"If I bought it, I'd want it all—everything."

"You can have it all."

The little man moistened his lips.

"Even the papers," he said; "the letters on the floor—everything!"

He paused and his eyes came back to John Nairne, and he saw a puzzled look on the latter's face.

"You see," he explained hastily, "sometimes by going through the papers I find things that are of use to me—the name of a concern with whom I might do business, for instance."

To John Nairne that seemed reasonable enough. There wasn't anything personal about those papers—just bills, and nothing to indicate whether they had been paid or not.

"You're welcome to 'em," John Nairne said.

Once more Ben Seebey's eyes drifted away from the other.

"I suppose," he went on, more slowly than before, "nothing's been taken out of this place. Everything—everything is still here?"

John Nairne was about to assure him that it was, when an odd thought came to him.

"Why are you so anxious about that?" he demanded. "What difference can it make to you whether or not some of my father's personal papers are missing?"

Ben Seebey jerked his head around. There was a startled look in his pale eyes.

"Your father?—are you—are you Mr. Nairne's son?"

"Yes. What's so strange about that? You didn't answer my question. What difference does it make to you whether a few of my father's papers are missing?"

Seebey blinked his eyes, but he was at a loss for only a minute.

"I like to get a complete picture of the business," he said, "I couldn't do that if anything was missing. I can't exactly explain. It's a sort of—a sort of a trade secret with me. Of course, there are some things I wouldn't mind your taking away. If you'll just tell me what you want or anything that you've already taken—"

John Nairne's eyes narrowed.

"How much would you pay for this layout?"

"I might go as high—as high as a hundred dollars."

John Nairne felt himself stiffen. Even with all his inexperience he was certain that no second-hand furniture dealer would pay more than twenty-five or thirty dollars for his father's shabby equipment; there wasn't even a typewriter.

"All right," he said; "I'll take it. It's all there, every scrap of paper, everything my father owned—except one thing . . . something that couldn't possibly interest you or anybody else."

The little man looked down on the floor.

"What's that?" he asked in a tone scarcely audible.

"Just a piece of cardboard," John Nairne said, "a piece of cardboard with little slots cut in it."

"Confound it, man, answer my question!" John Nairne's nerves were quivering.

Ben Seebey came closer.

"The cardboard—" he said in a hushed voice . . . and got no further.

Afterwards John Nairne wasn't sure, but he thought he saw something that came flying across the room, through the door that Ben Seebey had left open, something that looked like a streak of light as it sailed through the semi-darkness.

He saw Ben Seebey straighten up, heard his startled cry, saw him reel in a crazy fashion, then topple to the floor.

John Nairne was around the table in an instant and on his knees beside the fallen figure.

"What's the matter? What's happened?"

Ben Seebey's eyes were wide. Inarticulate sounds came from his throat as though he were trying desperately to say something. Then suddenly the light died out of his

"There isn't any safe," John

Nairne said. He was conscious of a curious pounding at his temples, a feeling that he was on the verge of discovering something, and he was surprised at the hardness of his own voice as he went on. "Seebey, you're a liar. You didn't come here to buy this junk, this trash on the floor. You came here because you know something. You came here for only one purpose, and that was to get that piece of cardboard."

The color left Ben Seebey's face. He shifted from one foot to the other. After a long time he said: "That's right."

John Nairne leaned forward. His mind was fixed on one thing, and on one thing only. The hint the little man had given him that that piece of cardboard in his pocket might represent the key to something. That was it, of course. But the key to what? How was it to be used? For a moment he was afraid to speak for fear that his voice might tremble, but in the end he managed in an even tone:

"Tell me the story."

"I've got as much right to that cardboard," Ben Seebey burst out, with unexpected passion, "as your father had. If he were alive, he'd tell you so himself. It's just chance that he had it instead of me."

"What's it for?"

But Seebey ignored the question.

"Your father and I were friends," he went on. "This scar," he said, pointing to his right eye, "I got it helping him—and some others. I didn't come here with the idea of cheating you out of your share. I didn't know you were his son." His voice grew wheedling. "Of course, I knew he had a son, but I thought you were abroad studying somewhere, and I would have seen to it that in the end you would have gotten what was coming to you. With me everything is fair and square. I'm not like the Major or the Indian. You can trust me—"

"What's the cardboard for?" John Nairne demanded again in a tense tone.

"Devil Darrell will be out soon," said Ben Seebey, with a far-off look in his eyes. "You can trust Devil Darrell, even though he held out on us all these years—but not the Major, not the Indian. If they get their hands on it first, if Devil Darrell is fool enough to communicate with them, and they hold the key—"

The little man broke off abruptly.

John Nairne was conscious of a growing sense of bewilderment. And in the midst of his confused thoughts it seemed to him that through the half-open door he heard a faint sound in the outer office. Then he decided that he was mistaken. It was nothing but a trick of the imagination. He bent his eyes more intently on Ben Seebey and said:

"First tell me what the cardboard is for. Then you can go into the details."

"You'll play fair and square with me, won't you?" Ben Seebey whined. "You'll have to. Devil Darrell won't stand for anything else; there's enough for all of us, though we won't have to let the Major or the Indian in on it, if you don't want to—they'd doublecross us in a minute. Maybe their share ought to go to Devil Darrell. He's entitled to it . . . he's the only one who paid . . . while the rest of us got off scot free . . ."

"Confound it, man, answer my question!" John Nairne's nerves were quivering.

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"The cardboard—" he said in a hushed voice . . . and got no further.

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"What's the matter? What's happened?"

Ben Seebey's eyes were wide. Inarticulate sounds came from his throat as though he were trying desperately to say something. Then suddenly the light died out of his

eyes, leaving them blank. One last ghastly gurgling sound came from him, and then—John Nairne knew it—he was dead.

How long he knelt there beside the body of Ben Seebey John Nairne didn't know. He had a feeling that his limbs were paralysed, that he was incapable of moving, that his brain was numb and unable to cope with the situation. Gradually it came to him that whereas Seebey was lying on his back he wasn't quite on his back, something was holding him up on one side some six inches from the floor.

Mechanically, scarcely realising what he was doing, he seized Ben Seebey by the arm and shoulder and turned him over on to his face.

A knife was sticking out of Seebey's back, a peculiar sort of a knife, a Malay kris, John Nairne thought, and it was then that he realised that he had actually seen that thing come flying through the air, and it dawned on him, too, that whoever had thrown it might still be out there lurking in the outer office preparing to strike again, this time at him.

John Nairne, his sensitive face grey and drawn, leapt to his feet and faced the door. He could see nothing from where he was, save shadows in the half-light. The whole place seemed ominously silent. He hesitated for a minute, then stepped swiftly into the outer room. He looked sharply about. The little room was empty. He sprang to the outer door, yanked it open and looked out into the hall. There was no one in sight.

SHAKING his head as though to clear his befogged brain, he went back inside to where Ben Seebey lay and stared down at the dead man. He supposed he ought to call the police, yet he was afraid to. Suppose the police didn't believe the story of a knife being thrown through the open door, suppose they accused him, John Nairne, of the murder—what would happen then? Here he was without funds, without a friend, not a soul to whom he could turn. It wouldn't be the first time an innocent man had been convicted. And what good would it do him to say that he had never seen Ben Seebey before in his life, to tell the story of Ben Seebey's coming here?

The whole thing would sound absurd, fantastic, and wouldn't be believed. And yet if he didn't notify the police, it would be even worse. The body would be found. He, no doubt, would be traced.

The elevator man or the starter would be in a position to state that he had been in the building in his father's office, that he had come out of there eventually. What he ought to do first of all was get a lawyer, but he had no money to pay a lawyer; and even if he had had any he wouldn't have known just whom to get.

It was then that he remembered that card on his father's desk, the card from I. Marmaduke Drake, Agent, the man who made a business of taking care of other people's troubles. The latter's office was on Pine Street, only a few blocks away.

John Nairne remembered having passed Pine Street as he came out of the subway. Perhaps his father had done business with I. Marmaduke Drake, and Drake might be ready to help him, or at least to advise him.

He considered for a minute longer, and decided that it was worth a try. He picked up his hat and coat from a chair, put them on, stepped out into the outer office and closed the door behind him. He was about to make his way out when he saw the office door slowly open.

Instinctively John Nairne sprang back, certain that it must be the killer of Ben Seebey come back, but he was wrong. He reached up and pulled at the string overhead that lit the single drop light, and beheld a girl with the fairest hair he had ever seen and the bluest eyes. She was young and slender and came towards him with an air of complete composure.

"I should like to see Mr. Nairne," she said.

"I am Mr. Nairne," John Nairne said. He felt his throat dry, his speech coming with difficulty.

"Mr. Duncan Nairne?" There was inquiry in her voice, as though she were quite certain that he was not the man.

I AM John Nairne," he said. "Duncan Nairne is—was my father. He died a few days ago."

"Oh!" Her tone was full of sympathy. "I'm sorry."

"Perhaps there's something I can do," he ventured. It was foolish to detain her.

There was a dead man in the next room; what he ought to do was get her out of here as quickly as possible and go and see this Marmaduke Drake.

There was doubt in her eyes.

"I don't know," she said. "My name is Alice Thorne. I have a message for your father and some others. I don't know what it means myself, but I suppose it would have had some significance to your father. Perhaps you'll understand it."

"What sort of a message? Whom is it from?"

For a moment John Nairne forgot Ben Seebey, dead in the other room.

"It's a message from my father," she answered simply. "My father is in England, you know, I haven't seen him for years and years. The message was given to me by a friend of his who just came over." She stopped and frowned.

"What's the message?"

She gave him an apologetic little smile.

"I'm sorry. It's sort of silly of me, but I didn't like the man who brought me the message. He wasn't a very nice man. There was something shifty about him and he walked in a funny way, as though—well, as though he had been in prison. He made me feel uncomfortable; he frightened me . . . I'm sorry, I shouldn't bother you with these things—"

"That's all right," John Nairne said; he kept his voice free from excitement. "What was the message?"

"Three months more."

John Nairne gaped at her.

"Three months more," he repeated idiotically.

She nodded.

"That's all there was to it," she said. "That's what I was to tell your father—and the others."

"What others?" he asked tonelessly.

"A Major Blackminster and a Mr. Seebey, Ben Seebey. I haven't been able to find them," she said. "Your father was in the telephone book, but they're not. You don't happen to know where I could find them?"

John Nairne studied her with distrustful eyes. Was she telling him the truth? Was she as innocent as she appeared to be, or was she mixed up in this complicated, weird mystery in which he found himself involved?

"I don't know where to find your Major Blackminster," John Nairne said slowly. He paused, struck with a sudden idea. There was a way by which he might discover if she were telling him the truth—a cruel way, but it would probably prove effective.

"I can take you to Ben Seebey," he said slowly. He opened the door into the outer office, turned on the light, and, watching her closely, he pointed to the dead man on the floor. "There's Ben Seebey."

Alice Thorne stared down with wide, horror-stricken eyes. A frightened cry escaped her, then she pulled her eyes away and looked at John Nairne.

"What—what does it mean?"

John Nairne shrugged. If she knew anything, she hadn't betrayed herself—not yet.

"You know as much about it as I do—or perhaps more."

With a callousness of which he would have thought himself incapable an hour ago, he stooped down and turned the dead man over.

"Know him?" he asked.

She gave Seebey a glance and shook her head.

"No," she said. "With one exception, I don't know any of my father's friends. I wouldn't know my own father if I saw him. I don't remember what he looks like. I haven't seen him since I was three. In all those years he's been working for the government, some dangerous secret work that he can't tell me about, that keeps him away from me. But that will be all over soon, and then he is coming to get me."

She looked again at the dead man, then back at John Nairne. "You didn't kill him. You don't look like the sort of man who would kill anybody . . . at least you wouldn't stab him in the back."

The Cardboard Clue

THE distrust went out of John Nairne's eyes. She was more decent to him than he had been to her and she was telling the truth. She knew nothing about this, and yet somehow she was involved, probably innocently like himself.

"I'm sorry I subjected you to this," he apologised. "I wasn't quite sure... the whole thing is so weird... No, I didn't kill him." Then he told her about his finding the cardboard of Seeby coming to him and trying to get it away from him.

"Besides Blackminster and Seeby," he went on, "there's somebody else in this, a crook, I imagine, a gaolbird, from what Ben Seeby told me, a gaolbird called Devil Darrell—"

He stopped, struck by the sudden change that came over the girl. She swayed a little. Her face became dead white. Her eyes blazed with cold anger. She seemed to be struggling for words.

"How dare you?" she managed at last. "How dare you say a thing like that?"

He gazed at her dumbfounded.

"What's Devil Darrell to you?" he asked dully.

She came closer to him. He had the curious impression that she was on the point of lashing out at him with her little clenched hands. But she didn't. Instead she said through compressed lips:

"Devil Darrell is my father."

Utterly bewildered, confused, John Nairne tried to say something and couldn't think of anything to say, and long before he could gather his scattered wits he found himself alone with the dead man.

For a moment he stood there wondering, then it came to him that he was in grave danger. In her fury she was capable of anything, would very likely hasten to the nearest policeman, tell him of the murdered man in the room. She might even accuse him, John Nairne, of having committed the murder.

John Nairne grew panicky. He rushed out to where he had left his hat in the outer office, snatched it up and dashed out into the hall, stopping only long enough to spring the latch on the door so that it couldn't be opened without a key.

He didn't wait for the elevator. Instead he took the steps two at a time.

Out in the street he headed south until he came to Pine Street, then east until he arrived at the dingy little building in which I Marmaduke Drake had his office. He had to have somebody to stand by him, somebody to advise him, even though it was a stranger. If only I Marmaduke Drake turned out to be a friend of his father's and would be willing to help him.

John Nairne discovered Marmaduke Drake's office was much like his father's, with a tiny little outer room where a girl sat at a typewriter desk, a very pretty girl with a trim figure and wavy, copper-colored hair.

She disappeared through a door, and while he waited John Nairne could hear through the flimsy partition the sound of music. She reappeared in less than a minute and, holding the door, invited John Nairne to go in.

I Marmaduke Drake's private office wasn't much larger than the one occupied by his secretary. It was scantily furnished with two rickety wooden armchairs, a battered desk, and a swivel chair that seemed too small for the man who occupied it.

I Marmaduke Drake was well over six feet. He was young, with attractive features, broad-shouldered, and slim-waisted. His hair was dark and thick. He was leaning far back in his chair with his feet on the corner of his desk. There was a small guitar in his lap which he was strumming with an air of intense concentration.

For some inexplicable reason this big lazy-looking individual inspired John Nairne with confidence, this despite the fact that I Marmaduke Drake paid not the slightest attention to him, being entirely occupied with a rather inept rendition of "Santa Lucia."

"My name is John Nairne."

"How are you?" said I Marmaduke Drake, without looking up. "Have a chair."

"I'm in rather a fix," John Nairne said, "in trouble. Did you happen to know my father, Dancan Nairne?"

"No, I didn't," said I Marmaduke Drake, steadily picking away at his guitar.

"I thought maybe you had known him." There was a note of disap-

pointment in John Nairne's voice. "I don't suppose, then, you'd help me?"

I Marmaduke Drake finished his tune on a sour but triumphant note and slowly put down the guitar, leaning it against the wall on the floor.

"Why wouldn't I help you?" he said. "I don't have to know a man's ancestors to help him out of a difficulty."

"I haven't any money," John Nairne said desperately.

"That's bad," said I Marmaduke Drake. "Still, maybe you'll be able to pay me sometime. What's the trouble?"

"It's urgent—"

"Trouble is never urgent," I Marmaduke Drake said placidly. "There's no use looking for it, because you can always find it, and there's no use trying to run away from it, because it always catches up with you, so you might just as well be peaceful till it arrives, and then we'll meet it."

"It's already caught up with me," John Nairne said, his voice now harsh. "There's a man been murdered in my office. He's lying there dead with a knife in his back. He may be discovered any minute. Then the police will be looking for me."

"It happens every day," said I Marmaduke Drake calmly. "Did you kill him?"

"No," said John Nairne. "But I was alone with him in the room when he was killed. There was no one else in the office."

A strange thing happened. I Marmaduke Drake straightened up in his chair. His right eyelid came down, seemed to come down with a bang like the knife on a gullotine. It made his strong face look weird. But I Marmaduke Drake was in no way disconcerted. He slipped his fingers into his vest pocket and extracted a monocle. Very deftly he caught the edge of the eyelid and propped it up into place by means of the single glass.

"I hope that didn't startle you," he said, grinning. "It happens every now and then; a defective muscle or nerve. It generally happens when I'm surprised, and you can't blame me for being surprised. You say this man was alone in the office with you and you didn't kill him, and yet he was stabbed in the back. He couldn't have done that himself, and even if he could have that would be suicide, not murder. Let's have the whole thing from the beginning."

John Nairne told him, told him everything, from the finding of his father's note, right up to the very end where the girl who had called herself Alice Thorne had declared that Devil Darrell was her father.

When he had finished he looked expectantly at I Marmaduke Drake, but the latter said nothing; instead he bent down and picked up his guitar.

"You having been raised abroad," he said after a time, "perhaps don't know this one," whereupon he startled John Nairne by striking a few experimental chords and then bursting with more zeal than skill into "Pop Goes The Weasel."

John Nairne stood up. There was a bitter expression on his face.

"I'm sorry I troubled you," he said, his voice strident and loud so as to be heard above the guitar.

"Sit down," I Marmaduke Drake said, strumming away with more vigor. "Music helps me to think."

John Nairne sat down. There was something compelling about I Marmaduke Drake.

EVENUALLY

Drake put down his guitar.

"Let's see that piece of cardboard," he said.

"But what about Seeby, what about the man that's dead in my office? And what about the police?"

"No use worrying about Seeby, he's dead. And it's up to the police to find him, though maybe if they're too slow about it I'll give them a hint. Let's see that cardboard. If I'm going to get you out of this jam, it's going to be through that."

John Nairne looked unconvinced, but, nevertheless, he took the cardboard from his pocket and passed it to Marmaduke Drake.

The latter glanced at it only briefly and a look of disappointment came into his face.

"I thought there might be more to it than that," he said a little regretfully.

"How are we going to find out what it's for?"

"I know what it's for," I Marmaduke Drake said as he stuck it into his own pocket, "and I can tell you something else. There must be real money involved here. I've got a hunch I can find out just how much." He paused a moment. His face took on a more solemn expression. "I only hope," he went on a little lugubriously, "that it's the kind of money you and I would want to touch."

John Nairne stared at him.

"You mean—"

"Never mind that or anything else just now. You've got to get out of here. I'm going to hide you in my place. That's about the last spot that the police would look for you, and they'll be on your trail in no time. This is just the sort of a case that my friend Sergeant Gruber eats up. If we don't do something right away, he'll have you in a cell before you can say 'Marmaduke Drake.'"

"Here you are," he scribbled something on a piece of paper and passed it to John Nairne, "that's where I live. Give that to the landlady and she'll let you in. But before you go let me have the key to your office—I plan to hang out there most of the time until something breaks."

John Nairne took the slip of paper and rose. He looked steadily at I Marmaduke Drake.



Moe Kydd... he had an irritating habit of snipping his great shears open and shut as he talked.

"I am wondering," he said slowly, "if I can trust you."

I Marmaduke Drake nodded wearily.

"That's a point," he said, "that should be established." He picked up the metal screw-driver that served him as a letter-opener and banged lustily on the radiator beside his desk. This brought his secretary, Mary Gaylor, into the room.

"Miss Gaylor," said I Marmaduke Drake gravely, "this is a new client of ours, Mr. John Nairne. He wants to know if I can be trusted. Please tell him."

The girl looked momentarily puzzled, then a little impatient. When she spoke there was a tang in her voice.

"Mr. Drake," she said to John Nairne, "can be trusted absolutely. He can be trusted to do every fool thing imaginable in your behalf, even to the point of risking his neck, and one of these days he's going to be sent to gaol for some of the things he does—if he isn't killed before then."

Towards the end her voice trembled with suppressed emotion; then without another word and an angry toss of her head she stalked out.

I Marmaduke Drake grinned quizzically at his visitor.

"There you are," he said, "although she seems to be a little bit sore about something." His voice took on an earnest confidential note. "Tell me something, Nairne: do you understand women?"

John Nairne shook his head.

"That girl," he said, "Alice Thorne, I played her a dirty trick. I wouldn't like her... to get into any trouble."

Marmaduke Drake grinned: "All right," he said.

The minute that John Nairne had gone, I Marmaduke Drake went into Mary Gaylor's room.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You're sore about something." He eyed her thoughtfully.

Mary Gaylor wouldn't look at him. She compressed her lips. Couldn't he see what was the matter with her? Was he blind?

She longed for the old days when she had been his secretary and he had been nothing but a private detective, a comparatively safe occupation compared with the things he was doing nowadays. She had told him so often enough with all the vehemence of her passionate nature. That, if nothing else, should have made clear to him the way she felt towards him, and he—she wasn't even aware of her existence, save as an office appliance, someone who could be useful when he needed her.

"What's wrong?" he demanded again. "Let's—"

He broke off abruptly, pricked up his ears. Outside in the hall he thought he heard a scuffling noise.

He sprang to the door and tore it open to see two figures, one prone on its back and the second figure bending over the first.

I Marmaduke Drake's appearance caused the second figure, a man in a queer headress, to look up, then leap to his feet and dash down the

so bad, but I didn't stay dead, thanks to you. I've lived a soft life, a sheltered sort of a life, content not to mix it up much with my fellow-men. All I wanted was to learn how to paint, to devote my life to that, but it's different now." His voice went suddenly grim. "I'm going to get this crowd, I don't know how. You'll have to tell me how. But I'm not afraid—not afraid of anything. A man who has been dead once isn't afraid to die again." He paused, then added irrelevantly: "But the girl isn't in it—I know that."

I Marmaduke Drake nodded. He understood perfectly.

"What happened?" he demanded. "I don't quite know. I was standing there waiting for the elevator when suddenly I felt something about my throat, a thing that tightened and cramped me, before I had a chance to cry for help. I tried to tear it away, tried to turn around, put up a fight, and couldn't. The next thing I knew I was on my back losing consciousness, still trying to tear that thing from my throat. Before I passed out it seemed to me someone was bending over me. I glimpsed a face, fierce, relentless eyes, the face of a man in a turban. It was—it was the Indian, I suppose."

"No doubt about it," said I Marmaduke Drake. His face was still hard. "That strangling trick is peculiar to the Indian thugs. There used to be a religious sect practising what's called thuggee, secret religious murders, but the sect degenerated into nothing but a band of cut-throats and highway robbers." For a time he stared into space, a bleak look in his eyes.

Then he saw the strain in the younger man's face, and tried to think of something reassuring to say. He forced a grin into his own face and in a tone that was filled with humorous braggadocio, he said:

"I won't stand for their killing any of my clients. I've got too few of them as it is."

On Second Avenue a few blocks south of Forty-second Street in a faded little building Moe Kydd carried on, in conjunction with his cousin Jacob, his tailoring business. It wasn't much of a business. Moe Kydd and Cousin Jacob did nothing but a little repairing and some cleaning and pressing of suits and overcoats left there by sundry characters who for the most part came and went in a curious, furtive way.

Moe and Jacob seldom spoke. They seemed singularly at peace with the world and content with their earthly lot, though anyone who saw the dingy little shop and was capable of estimating the meagre business found it difficult to understand why this should be so.

Moe Kydd might have been fifty or he might have been seventy or even older. He was a small, hollow-cheeked little man with a yellow face, a mass of countless wrinkles. He had small, near-sighted eyes that squinted as he worked. Just now he was manipulating an enormous pair of shears cutting away a torn lining, ultimately to be replaced by Cousin Jacob, who was the more skillful, when it came to repairing of the two.

Cousin Jacob with a more robust build, a younger, less-lined face, was busy threading a needle. He moistened the thread with his lips, then looked up. In a sort of a dead voice he said:

"How much longer?"

He hadn't spoken for an hour, and his present question had no relation whatsoever to anything he had said that day, yet Moe Kydd understood.

"A year," Moe said, "maybe two, unless this thing of Blackminster's should amount to something. My brother Anselm he is a fool—he and his fine houses and his automobiles. Some day in trouble he'll get us." Moe's voice was placid like the voice of one resigned to the inevitable.

After that there was a long silence, ultimately broken by the tinkle of the bell over the door.

A tall, alert, dark-visaged individual came in. He was a man who had obviously been in the army. His broad shoulders were thrown back, his stomach was pulled in, and he stood with his heels together, as erect and stiff as a bayonet. His face was square and hard; his dark eyes determined and forbidding. He looked at Moe, then made a motion with his head towards the door at the back and, without waiting to see if he were being followed, went there and opened it.

The Cardboard Clue

MOE KYDID rose slowly to his feet. He put the great shears down with a clattering noise and followed the tall man inside, shutting the door carefully behind him.

The room here was larger than the shop. It was shabbily but comfortably furnished. There were a sofa and two huge armchairs with heavy upholstery, worn threadbare, grouped around a coal stove that glowed dimly.

Moe Kydid sat down in an armchair in which he was all but lost, while the tall man took the end of the sofa that was nearest. For a time neither said anything. Moe, watching his visitor through his squinty eyes while the other was occupied with a huge black cigar. At last Moe Kydid said:

"Well, Major—what you got?"

Major Blackminster took a few puffs at his cigar and watched the smoke curl upwards moodily.

"There is one more," he said, "we don't have to worry about." His words came in a clipped, precise fashion. "First old Duncan Nairne went, and now Ben Seebly has gone to join him."

Moe Kydid kicked one of his spindly legs to and fro in a thoughtful way. After seconds he said:

"So Ben Seebly he should be dead—how did it happen? A queer light came into his slitted eyes."

"Why worry about it?" Major Blackminster said unwillingly. "All you've got to remember is that there's one less with whom we have to divide."

"Divide what? I don't see anything. Already we have spent plenty money to finance you, Major, but all we get is promises, plenty promises—but no gold. It happens nothing."

Blackminster scowled.

"I made all the arrangements with your brother, Anselm, in London. He knows exactly what to expect, the difficulties of the situation, and you and he are going to get well paid for your trouble."

"Why not? Without us what could you do? Can you buy bread with bars of gold? Can you buy milk? What could you do without Anselm and me and Jacob with your gold? To go to that where you would go." Moe Kydid spoke without feeling, completely dispassionate, and then he added irrelevantly: "My brother Anselm a fool he is."

The Major's eyes held faintly disguised contempt.

"That all depends on how you look at it. At least, he gets something for his money, has a jolly good time of it, but you—what do you get out of living like this, mending old clothes—"

A wisp of a smile came to Moe Kydid's face.

"Some day Scotland Yard it says to itself: 'This Anselm lives in a fine house, very strange people go to visit such a fine gentleman. We must look into this.' And my brother Anselm will get into trouble and to go to jail he will go where he can play pinochle with your friend Devil Darrell, who is going to make us all so rich."

Major Blackminster opened his lips to speak, but Moe Kydid went on with persistent patience.

"Now with me and Jacob it's different. Who would bother poor Moe Kydid or come to the little shop except maybe the customers, the right kind of customers, you understand, and nobody would pay no attention to them." He paused a moment and chuckled with a queer sort of malice. "The customers they bring the suits, the overcoats. Sometimes rings and diamonds is in the pockets, sometimes gold watches. And the customers when they call for their suits, the rings and watches they is gone, sure, but they find money in the pockets, good money. Moe Kydid's good money. Nobody they say anything and nobody they should have to ask any questions."

"Rather a scheme," the major said in a tone of frank admiration. There was also some relief in his voice. This was a highly ingenious scheme for transferring and disposing of stolen goods. He felt more reassured about Moe Kydid's capabilities all of a sudden and now understood why Mr. Anselm Kydid, whose aid he had secured long ago with the utmost difficulty and who had the reputation among those "in the know" as the most prominent "fence" in London, had sent him to see his brother Moe here in New York.

"Maybe I should have my tongue cut out for telling you," Moe Kydid went on in his flat way, "but I don't have to worry, Major. You couldn't

tell nobody, and even if to the police you went to-morrow, they wouldn't find nothing, you understand. Besides I figure with a man like you business could happen any day. Maybe to-morrow you could come in with a pearl necklace in the inside pocket of your overcoat."

Major Blackminster, his countenance angrily fierce, straightened up in his seat.

"I'm not a thief," he barked, "at least—"

"At all," Moe said good-naturedly. "And now poor Mr. Seebly he is dead. Well, how did it happen?"

The major looked up sharply. He had detected under that mild tone a note of menace that was somehow disquieting.

"I sent Pundabb to the old man's office to see if he could get hold of the code. He found Seebly there talking to young Nairne," he explained truculently, "telling him that he was going to ditch us; not you, he didn't know about you, of course, but me and the Indian—Pundabb—and ready to explain to Nairne the way the code worked. Pundabb is quick. He didn't waste any time. He let Seebly have it and it served him jolly well right."

Moe Kydid closed his eyes.

"Like my brother, Anselm," he murmured, "your servant he is a fool. Through the streets he goes with a towel for a hat, then he kills. Anybody could find him—except me—Pundabb never comes to see Moe Kydid any more."

"Why should he?" the major asked sharply. "Pundabb is positive no one saw him go in or come out. He didn't hang around there. He rather cleverly waited in the street, then followed young Nairne until he found him in a spot where he could search him—and he didn't find the code on him."

Moe Kydid opened his eyes a little. "Maybe this young Mr. Nairne he didn't have no objections to being searched, yes, or maybe he is dead, too, now?" His tone was more thoughtful, more remote. It was as though he were saying one thing and thinking of another.

The major was conscious of that, and for some reason it made him uneasy and irritable.

"No, he's not dead," he snapped. "Pundabb didn't tighten the cord enough. Anyway, he didn't find the code—but we'll get it. Either that, or we'll find some other way of communicating with Devil Darrell."

"I don't think so," Moe declared, "not for a long time."

"What are you talking about?" Major Blackminster snarled. "Devil Darrell will be out in another couple of months. He got years off for good behaviour. And he won't doublecross us, he's not that sort. I don't blame him for not telling us where it was while he was in jail. We might have ditched him. Besides that, maybe he couldn't communicate with us. The chances are he didn't have his copy of the code with him, had it hidden along with the gold."

Once more Moe Kydid shook his head.

"Don't keep shaking your head like that," Blackminster roared. "I know what I'm talking about."

"Yes," the other said, "but you don't know what I know. I got a cable from my brother Anselm this morning. Your friend, he couldn't wait. A week ago he tried to escape. So he don't get no time off for good behaviour. He's got to stay in prison."

Blackminster sprang to his feet. "The confounded fool!" he roared. "Why couldn't he wait! Only a few months more and he's got to go and spoil it all! I hope he stays there the rest of his life. I hope he rots there—"

"That wouldn't get us our money—or our gold."

The major began to pace the floor with long, impatient strides.

"What am I going to do?" he rasped. "How am I going to carry on—and take care of Pundabb too—for four years more? I've had a hard enough time getting along as it is with the pittance you and your brother have doled out to me."

Moe Kydid leaned his face in his hands and looked down at the floor.

"If it was me," he said, "I would have done something long ago. This Devil Darrell has a daughter, if I understand—"

"Well?"

"If maybe he should hear that his girl she was in trouble, something

you understand that only money—gold—could fix—"

He paused for a moment, then added, "If maybe he understood it that if he wouldn't tell, something would happen to the girl—"

Major Blackminster's eyes drifted from Moe's face to the little man's thin hands. He saw his right-hand thumb and forefinger close and unclose, and he shuddered despite himself.

I. Marmaduke Drake spent most of the next two days in the little office that had belonged to John Nairne's father. He had had a little difficulty about it with John Nairne, who was in a singularly reckless mood. John Nairne didn't give a hoot in what danger he stood. He wanted to take a vigorous hand in the situation himself.

It was only when Marmaduke Drake pointed out to him that he would most likely be arrested and lodged in a cell and that he would be far more helpless there than where he was, cooped up in Drake's room, that he gave in.

To pacify him further Marmaduke Drake explained to him the purpose of that piece of cardboard that his father had left to him



"Music helps me to think," declared Marmaduke Drake.

and promised him that the minute he saw any use for it he would let him know and also that he would do his best with the police, make it possible for John Nairne to go about unmolested, at least for the time being.

The first day nothing happened. No one came to the old man's office, not even the police, who had taken Ben Seebly's body away the night before as a result of a telephone call from I. Marmaduke Drake to Sergeant Gruber. The sergeant had been violent on the telephone, wanted to know just how Drake had heard about that murder. When the conversation got too difficult, Drake had hung up on him.

The sergeant made four calls at Drake's office the next day, insisting on seeing him, but Mary Gaylor, at his instructions, didn't tell him that her employer was in Nairne's office, sitting there gloomily, bored to extinction, waiting for something to occur that might give him a lead. On the morning of the second day he had a visitor, a tall man with a military bearing and a square, hard face, who appeared surprised to see I. Marmaduke Drake there.

"I'm looking for Mr. Nairne," the tall man said.

"He's not here," I. Marmaduke replied in his drawing, leisurely fashion. "He's away for a few days and I'm looking after his affairs. Is there anything I can do?"

Major Blackminster shook his head.

"I'll drop in again," he said.

"Who shall I say called?"

"Brown is my name—Ned Brown," the major said without the flicker of an eyelash. He started for the door, but I. Marmaduke Drake's next words stopped him.

"You haven't by chance a message from Devil Darrell, have you? I

know Mr. Nairne is expecting a message."

Major Blackminster turned on his heels with slow precision and faced the other.

"Really, old fellow," he said, "that's an odd question and an odd name—Devil Darrell; never heard of him." The major's face was wooden. "By the way, what's your name?"

"I Marmaduke Drake. I'm a sort of an agent; an inquiry agent I suppose you'd call me in England. From the way you talk I judge you're English." I. Marmaduke Drake half-turned in his chair and gazed out of the window. "Maybe you know Ben Seebly?" he said, without looking at his visitor. "Poor Ben has been murdered right here in this office."

The major was by nature a violent individual, apt to betray his feelings, but there were occasions when he was completely master of himself and this was one of them. At the mention of I. Marmaduke Drake's name he was instantly on his guard. It was in front of Marmaduke Drake's door that Nairne had been attacked and searched.

"I say, you do ask the most extraordinary questions, old man," he declared affably. "Just tell Mr. Nairne that Ned Brown called to see him."

With that he stalked out, followed by the disconsolate eyes of I. Marmaduke Drake.

Late in the afternoon there was a second visitor, a young and very charming girl. Even before she gave her name he was confident as to her identity, the girl who had said her name was Alice Thorne and yet who claimed to be Devil Darrell's daughter. She, too, wanted to see Mr. Nairne. She had a note that she wanted to show him—from her father.

I. Marmaduke Drake felt his pulses quicken. He was certain now that he was on the brink of making a discovery, but this time he'd be more cautious; he wouldn't mention Devil Darrell or Ben Seebly or anyone else. He simply told the girl that Mr. Nairne was out of town, and that he would be glad to send the note on to him.

She shook her head.

"I think it would be better," she said, "if I gave it to him personally. I'd like to see what he thinks of it. The whole thing is very odd," she finished vaguely.

Marmaduke Drake now wished that he hadn't said that young Nairne was out of town.

"He might be back any time," he said after a while. "If you'll let me know where he can reach you, I'll be glad to give him your message."

She seemed to think that that would be all right and explained that she was secretary to someone in the shipping business, and not only gave him the address of where she worked, but her home address, a boarding-house in East Sixtieth Street, as well. Then smiling her thanks she left.

For a time I. Marmaduke Drake sat there, staring frowningly straight ahead. He had a feeling of helplessness, of incompetence. He was getting nowhere and it irritated him. Then he came to a sudden resolution. He put on his coat, picked up his hat, looked the outer door, and left the office.

Out in the street he hailed a taxi and told the man to drive him to Centre Street. At police headquarters he had no difficulty in finding Sergeant Gruber.

Ordinarily, the sergeant's round face with its guileless blue eyes wore a good-natured, tolerant expression, but just now he was both angry and sullen.

"Where on earth have you been?" he barked the instant he caught sight of Drake. "And what do you mean by it? One of these days you're going to go too far. Who do you think you are, anyway, calling up the police and telling them there's a murder and then disappearing? What do you mean by hanging up on me when I want to ask you some questions? You're old enough to know better. You ought to know that there's such a thing as obstructing justice—I ought to lock you up, that's what I ought to do."

"If you want to know where I've been," Marmaduke Drake said, lazily, ignoring the sergeant's tirade, "I've been working for you, trying to find some dope"—could help you solve this case—

I DON'T want that kind of help," Gruber snapped savagely. "You just let me handle this my own way."

"You felt differently the last couple of times," Marmaduke Drake grinned.

The sergeant had the grace to blush and his tone was a trifle more conciliatory.

"All right, all right," he grumbled. "Rub it in. Just the same, one of these days—" He left that unfinished. "What I want to know is," he demanded with renewed savagery, "where you're hiding this fellow John Nairne. I suppose he's one of your—your clients."

"He is," I. Marmaduke Drake said agreeably.

"I ain't making any deals."

"You have before. Listen, Gruber, I've always played fair with you. I mean to do it again. I don't want any credit for myself, no newspaper publicity. If we solve this case it's all yours. And there's only one way to solve it: that's to let young Nairne go about his business as if nothing had happened. If you pick him up now and throw him into a cell, you'll get no place. He had nothing to do with this murder, you can take my word for it."

"So that's what you call making a deal," Gruber growled. "I'm to take this all on your say so. This bird was the only one in the office when Seebly was stabbed. I got pretty good evidence on that. And I'm supposed to let him wander around loose and do as he pleases and maybe get away in the end—just because you say so. That's a fine deal, that is."

I. Marmaduke Drake heaved a convincing sigh and started away.

"All right," he said, "if that's the way you feel, I was going to give you a good lead in exchange—"

He hadn't gone more than six steps when the sergeant brought him to a halt.

"How, wait a minute. What are you driving at? If this is one of your tricks—"

I. Marmaduke Drake stopped. He eyed the sergeant quizzically.

"Is it a deal?"

"First—"

"If I give you my word that I'll turn my man over to you whenever you want him—"

Gruber scowled, then nodded.

"All right," Marmaduke Drake said. "Cable Scotland Yard and ask them to look up their records about a man named Devil Darrell, tell them you want all the dope on him, then let me know what they say."

The sergeant had his notebook out and was scribbling.

"Say, what kind of a lead do you call that? Who's Devil Darrell? What's Scotland Yard—"

"You're going to be famous, Gruber. They'll even hear of you over there. So long."

I. Marmaduke Drake waved a big hand airily and sauntered out.

The following morning I. Marmaduke Drake went straight to his own office, while John Nairne went to his father's. John Nairne had strict instructions to communicate instantly with Marmaduke Drake if anything developed, no matter how insignificant it appeared.

When he arrived I. Marmaduke Drake found Sergeant Gruber waiting for him, impatiently pacing the floor of Mary Gaylor's little room.

"Say—" the sergeant began.

Marmaduke waved him to silence.

He turned to Mary Gaylor.

"I need somebody," he said, "somebody to do a little watching—and a little following."

Mary Gaylor sighed as she thought of that group of nondescript individuals to whom I. Marmaduke Drake was wont grandiloquently to refer as his staff.

"Whom do you want?" she asked, resignedly.

"Well, who is there?" he said impatiently. "Never mind the sergeant, he doesn't care—speak up, I'm in a hurry."

"Certainly, Mr. Drake," she said in a slightly offended tone. "How would 'Butch' Tanner do? He's probably still living in that magnificent one-room suite in the flop house on the Bowery, waiting for you to buy his meals as usual."

I. Marmaduke Drake shook his head.

"Then there's Mr. Augusta," Mary Gaylor went on with her nose in the air, "the tattoo artist. I believe he was released from the workhouse some time ago."

The Cardboard Clue

"I HAVE it," said I. Marmaduke Drake with enthusiasm. "Tony—Tony the bootblack! He's just the boy for the job. Put your hat and coat on and get him, get him right away. You know where to find him. He hangs out in that building on Wall Street, near Water."

Mary Gaylor made a little grimace, but she fetched her hat and coat.

"So that's how you work," Sergeant Gruber said when they were alone. "You've got a lot of dead-beats that do the dirty work for you." There was a hint of admiration in the sergeant's tone.

Marmaduke Drake led the way into his own room and looked longingly for a moment at the guitar he had been obliged to neglect for two days, but decided that the sergeant wouldn't care for music just then.

"Did you hear from Scotland Yard?"

"Yeah, I heard," Gruber said. "I heard plenty, though it's got nothing to do with this murder we're investigating."

"What did they say?"

"Devil Darrell is in prison—his real name is Mark Darrell—he's in Delmoor Prison, in the hospital just now. They don't think he is going to last much longer. He's got T.B. He'd have been out in a couple of months; on account of his record they were going to reduce his twenty-year stretch by four years for good behaviour and on account of what he did during the war—the French gave him the Croix de Guerre for bravery. Why a guy like that should go in for bank robbery is beyond me. It was during the war he got the nickname 'Devil.' It seems he was afraid of nothing. Believe me, when those boys from Scotland Yard give you a report they make it complete."

"Twenty years for bank robbery seems a pretty tough sentence."

"The watchman got killed," the sergeant explained succinctly. "It was manslaughter."

I. Marmaduke Drake's eyes were gleaming.

"What did they get away with?" he demanded.

"They?" the sergeant asked. "How did you know there was anybody else in this besides Devil Darrell?" He waited, but Marmaduke Drake only shook his head, so he went on. "They got about a million dollars' worth of gold—bullion—that belonged to the government, and it was stored in a little bank in the West Country—Kemberley's Bank to be exact, gold that was being held there for transmittal to the Bank of England."

"And it was never recovered?"

"Say, who's telling this?" the sergeant asked indignantly. "There was five of them in this job. Nobody knows who the other four were. Devil Darrell wouldn't talk." "Four others?" I. Marmaduke Drake murmured to himself. "Blackminster, Seebey, Nairne, and maybe the Indian."

"Stop mumbling," Gruber said testily. "And listen. It's all very interesting, but it doesn't mean a thing, and I've got to get out of here. The way the C.I.D. men over there figured it out was that there were two cars; one of them was hidden in the bushes and one standing in the road."

"The watchman wasn't killed outright. They left him lying there while they cleaned out the vaults. He crawled away and gave the alarm and a couple of constables and what not came on the double quick."

"They didn't know there was five of them, so when they saw four men leap into this car that was on the road they went after that and overlooked the fifth—Devil Darrell—who was hid in the bushes along with the second car that held the loot."

"A decoy—the first car—to draw off pursuit."

"Right. It was a powerful car and it got away. It was only afterwards that they found out from the watchman, just before he died, that there had been five, so they went to work some more. Scotland Yard took a hand."

"And they picked up about everybody that couldn't give a decent account of themselves the night of the robbery and one of the boys they caught in their net was this Devil Darrell, found him in a little town not far from where the Kemberley Bank is but that's all they found, no gold, and they couldn't get anything out of him. I suppose he buried it some place."

"That's all there is. If you ever

had a notion in that thick head of yours," the sergeant concluded in an aggrieved tone, "that Devil Darrell killed Seebey, forget it. He's still in Delmoor."

"But he did escape."

"Yeah—he got away a couple of weeks ago—but they got him back in three days. The guy must have been nuts to do a thing like that and lose all his good time off when he only had a couple of more months to go."

"You said he was dying," I. Marmaduke Drake said thoughtfully. "Maybe he didn't think he'd live long enough."

"Long enough for what?"

"Long enough to send a message," Marmaduke Drake explained laconically.

"You can always smuggle a message out of a prison."

"Not the kind that he wanted to send. He wanted to be sure that nobody could understand the message except the man for whom it was intended, a code message. And when they looked him up sixteen years ago, it's a pretty sure bet he didn't take the code with him to prison—he would have been searched."

Sergeant Gruber eyed the other darkly.

"You seem to know a lot of things, and the more I listen to you, the more I'm convinced that this John Nairne is mixed up in this. I promised you that I wouldn't pick him up for the time being, but I'm keeping an eye on him just the same. And I'm warning you not to stick your head out too far. If there's a million dollars' worth of gold in this, you might be tempted. There isn't anything much you wouldn't do for money, is there?"

"No, there isn't," said I. Marmaduke Drake unsmilingly.

"What about this lead you were going to give me? Who killed Seebey?"

"Look for an Indian."

"If you're giving me the run around," Sergeant Gruber declared ominously. "If you're kidding—"

"I'm not," said Marmaduke Drake shortly.

He bent down and picked up his guitar, and Sergeant Gruber, who had heard him play before, shuddered and fled.

After Marmaduke Drake had played "Santa Lucia" approximately six times with varied success, Mary Gaylor returned. She had in tow a snub-nosed, dark-eyed, grimy little urchin, who carried slung over his shoulder on a strap a shoe-shine box, and looked up with something akin to adoration at I. Marmaduke Drake.

"Tony," said the latter. "I've got a job for you." He paused while he scribbled down the address of old Duncan Nairne's office. "You go up there and hang around the hall in front of that office, sort of make believe that you're looking for customers. Maybe you'll see a big man go in, a man with a kind of square face and tough eyes, a man who walks very straight like a soldier. If you see him, I want you to follow him when he comes out. I'd like to know where he goes, where he lives."

"Sure, Mr. Drake," Tony said with shining eyes.

"In case you don't see him," I. Marmaduke Drake went on, "there might be somebody else going in; another tall man with a brown face, a face like coffee. He might be wearing a turban."

"What's that?" asked Tony, obviously intrigued.

"It's a kind of hat," said I. Marmaduke Drake. "That they wear in India. You've worked in barber shops, Tony. Sometimes when a barber gives a man a shampoo he winds a hot towel around the customer's head."

"Oh, sure, sure," said Tony with an air of enlightenment.

"All right, scout, and here's a retainer."

Tony didn't know what a retainer was, but he knew what half a dollar was, and his dirty little hand closed eagerly over the coin that I. Marmaduke Drake held out to him. Then he slipped hastily out of the room.

I. Marmaduke Drake went back to his guitar; he had plenty of time to practise; it wasn't until late in the afternoon that Alice Thorne came.

She took a piece of paper from her purse and passed it to Marmaduke Drake.

"I've just come from Mr. Nairne's

office," she explained. "I showed him this note from my father. There really wasn't any use in doing that, because I think I was supposed to take it to Mr. Duncan Nairne. My father apparently doesn't know that poor Mr. Nairne is dead." She stopped, then went on:

"I don't understand it. It's such a funny, pathetic little note. Why doesn't my father write instead of printing his words? Do you—do you suppose it means something special, that it would have signified something to old Mr. Nairne if he were alive? My father is in the Secret Service, you know—Mr. Thorne told me so—and perhaps he can't communicate with anybody in the ordinary way; it might be dangerous."

I. Marmaduke Drake wasn't looking at the note she had given him, instead he was studying her. There was a wistful charm about her anxiety. Something told him that she was really Devil Darrell's daughter, and that she was in total ignorance of what had happened to her father. But then—

"You told Mr. Nairne that you were Devil Darrell's daughter," I. Marmaduke Drake said gently. "If that is so, why do you call yourself Alice Thorne—who is Mr. Thorne?"

Her color deepened.

"Until two years ago," she said. "I always thought Mr. Thorne was my father. I was brought up by the Thornes. Mr. Thorne was a great friend of my father's, was in the war with him. It was all explained to me when I was eighteen. Just before I left England and came over here."

"You see, my father's work was dangerous, and he had so many enemies that he was afraid that they might harm me if they couldn't get at him, so at my father's request the Thornes brought me up as their child and later, two years ago, my father became more worried, thought someone might discover the secret, so he sent a message to Mr. Thorne and I came here."

"It was then that Mr. Thorne told me about my father and how brave he had been, why everyone called him Devil Darrell because he wasn't afraid of anything, how he would come to me one of these days, and that I must always love him. It must have been hard for Father to be separated from me, you can see that from his note."

Marmaduke Drake could see it all, the simple conspiracy devised by Thorne and Darrell to keep the truth from the girl.

But why had they told her her father's real name? Why hadn't they told her his name was Smith or Jones?

MARMADUKE DRAKE looked down at the note in his hand. It was as she had said, crudely printed in pencil. The words were spaced widely apart. Marmaduke Drake knew the reason for that. He read it carefully. On the face of it it was a simple, innocuous message.

Alice, My Daughter, Take this to Nairne at once so that he'll be convinced that I'm perfectly well. I'm really dying to see you dear and will do everything I can to try and get to you before it's too late; to get you to understand how I've been unable to map out my own destiny; why I yielded to circumstances; you must have wondered before now if in the end I would ever take the trouble to come to you. My dear I care for you more than anything in the world. I think of you constantly and my one thought is your happiness my girl. Your Father.

From out of his desk I. Marmaduke Drake took the cardboard that John Nairne had left with him. "Excuse me a minute," he said. He went into Mary Gaylor's room, shutting the door behind him. He placed the note down on Mary's desk and the cardboard stencil on top of the note.

He had trouble fitting it over the note so that the slots would come in the right places. The paper was larger than the cardboard, but he got it shortly. By lining up the lower right-hand corner of the note with the lower right-hand corner of the cardboard he found the hidden message. He took a pencil and ran it around the edges of the slots, then lifted up the stencil. Probably the first thing that Devil Dar-



Major Blackminster advanced a few steps, an ugly blue-black automatic in his hand.

rell had done the minute he had escaped was to send this message:

"I'm dying. Will try to get map to you before end. Take care of my girl."

All the pathos, all the horror of Devil Darrell's life and the love for his daughter, as well as his final desperate effort to provide for her, were in those sixteen words. Marmaduke Drake could visualise him getting the note off, then travelling to the West Country—where he had hidden the gold—for the purpose of making a map with appropriate landmarks, so that Duncan Nairne couldn't fail to find it.

He must have had the code hidden in one place and the gold in another, or he would have made the map then and there and sent it along with the note. And then came stark tragedy.

Devil Darrell was recaptured, probably for the reason that he went back to the scene of his crime, was recaptured before he could make the map!

I. Marmaduke Drake stood there considering. He couldn't tell the girl about this, it would break her heart. Just how he could keep it from her indefinitely he didn't know. He wanted time to think. He wished now he hadn't marked those words in pencil. She might want the note back.

He could just as well have read it through the slots without marking it. He stood there for a minute longer, conscious of Mary Gaylor's wide blue eyes resting on him. Then he came to a decision. He stuck the note and the stencil into his pocket and went back into his own room.

"I've taken the liberty," he said to Alice Thorne, "of sending that note on to an expert. It occurred to me that it might contain some hidden meaning and that that was the reason your father wanted you to take it to Mr. Nairne, who could have explained it to you if he had been alive. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, I don't mind," she said. "You're probably right. That would fit in with what Mr. Thorne told me about my father being in the Secret Service, and why the note was printed instead of being written. Will you let me know?"

"Of course," He held out his hand and smiled.

"Do you—did Mr. Nairne tell you about what happened in his office the other day?"

I. Marmaduke Drake nodded.

"I hope," she went on hesitantly, while the color mounted once more to her cheeks, "he won't get into any trouble over that—Mr. Nairne, I mean. I hope he himself isn't in any danger. I've been terribly worried over the whole thing. I got there right after it happened. Mr. Seebey, the man who was killed, was one of the men—"

"Yes, I know. Young Nairne told me all about it," I. Marmaduke Drake said. "As for young Nairne, I'll do my best to see that he doesn't get into any trouble." Marmaduke Drake smiled again. "You and he ought to see something of each other," he added. "I imagine your father and old Duncan Nairne were the best of friends."

Two days later Major Blackmin-

ster strode into Moe Kydd's little shop on Second Avenue. He found the shop itself empty. Cousin Jacob wasn't there. But the door of the back room was open, and here he discovered Moe Kydd ensconced in his enormous armchair beside the coal stove, looking smaller, thinner, and older than usual. He was holding his huge shears in his lap, making snipping sounds as he squinted thoughtfully into space. The major sank down on the sofa.

"I haven't been able to find her," he said abstractedly.

Moe Kydd raised his head and looked at the major.

"Maybe you wouldn't want to," he declared thinly.

"What do you mean by that?" The major frowned.

Moe Kydd nodded several times in a mechanical fashion.

"Maybe you don't try so hard to find her," he observed.

Blackminster jerked his head up angrily.

"It's like looking for a needle in a haystack. Rather a job, you know, finding a person in a city of this size when you don't know her address."

Moe Kydd leaned forward in his chair.

"What should you be afraid of?" he asked. "Your friend Devil Darrell, he's in jail."

"I'm not afraid of anything—or anybody," the major blustered. "Just the same, Devil Darrell got out once and he might get out again, and if we did anything to his daughter and he got out—"

He stopped. There was a certain apprehension in his face.

"Funny," Moe said, "a strong, big man you are, Major, but you're afraid, afraid of a man in jail, and me, you understand, little Moe Kydd, he's not afraid." His eyes shone yellow-green. He made a playful stabbing motion towards the major with his shears.

Major Blackminster looked with loathing at Moe.

"I don't like the whole business," he protested. "Devil Darrell is one of us. He's a chum of mine. We fought in the war together. What you're planning to do to him, to his daughter, isn't cricket."

"Cricket, it doesn't interest me," Moe Kydd said evenly. "You got funny feelings sometimes, Major, Ben Seebey, he fought in the war with you, too, but when he dies you should worry; that doesn't mean anything; but if something should happen to Devil Darrell's daughter so that we should get our money, right away you got a conscience. You and your friends, you steal a million dollars, but when little Moe Kydd says maybe you should bring in a little jewelry once in a while, you say you're no thief."

The major turned his head away to hide the rage in his eyes.

"That was different," he barked. "That gold didn't belong to anyone in particular. It was the Government's gold, England's gold, and England had let us down. We fought for her in the war, went through hell for her, and what happened when we got home? Did anybody help us? Was there anybody ready to give us a job to pay for the hell we'd gone through? No, we starved; nobody cared!"

The Cardboard Clue

"SURE, sure," Moe Kydd said. The venom went out of his eyes, grew veiled. "But I don't understand it why you shouldn't like it if something happens to the girl."

"She's Devil Darrell's daughter."

"Al, al, what fine feelings—"

The sound of the bell from the outer door interrupted Moe Kydd. He rose and shuffled out. Through the half-open door the major could see a uniformed messenger and when Moe Kydd came back he had an envelope in his hand. He inserted his thin finger under the flap, opened it and took out what was obviously a cable. He read it slowly, several times over, it seemed to the major, then, without comment, lifted the stove lid and dropped the message on to the glowing coals.

"What is it?" Blackminster demanded sharply.

"What is it?" Moe Kydd mimicked him fiercely. "How do we know your friend won't cheat us? He's de only one who knows where de gold is. He could take it and instead of working with Anselm, my brother, he could work vid someone else. It's funny de way he acts—"

"What are you talking about?" The major eyed the other, his eyes dark with suspicion. "Did your brother get a message to Devil Darrell," he asked suddenly, "that his daughter was in trouble, that we were holding her?"

"Sure, sure," Moe Kydd answered impatiently. "He got it to him right after they caught him when, like the schlemel he is, he tried to run away."

The major's eyes snapped.

"That was before you told me," he said, "long before you told me you were going to do that."

"Well, do I have to tell you everything?"

The major's nerves were frayed to the breaking point. Everything had gone wrong during the last few weeks. First old Duncan Nairne had died, his only means of communicating with Devil Darrell, and the code was gone; then Seebly had tried to betray them; then Darrell had tried to escape and had been recaptured, thus lengthening the period of his incarceration by years; and now—and somehow this seemed the most serious calamity of all—Moe Kydd had suddenly taken over the entire affair.

Blackminster had a feeling that he had been pushed aside, was no longer in control of the situation, that it wasn't a question of his and Devil Darrell's dividing the loot and paying Moe and his brother Anselm a reasonable commission for their services, but that he would be lucky in the end if he and Devil Darrell got anything at all.

"Well?" Moe Kydd broke in on his thoughts.

"Well what?" the major snarled. "If you mean what about finding the girl, why don't you find her yourself if you're so smart?"

"Like all soldiers, a simple mind you got, Major," Moe Kydd said. "Look at it this way. What's to hinder Devil Darrell from taking the gold and finding somebody like Anselm who would give him cash for it or some good securities maybe and sending them on to his daughter? Nobody could take it away from her, you understand. There wouldn't be no evidence that it was from the gold. And then there would be? You got to figure on those things, Major. Don't it look funny to you that he should try to run away when he's only got to wait a couple of months?"

"And supposing he does?" the major asked. "Even supposing that now when he can't get out he discloses the hiding-place to somebody else whom he can trust and makes a deal with whoever it is to whack up with his girl, what good will it do us to hold the girl? Even if we made her turn the money over to us, she'd get after us the minute we'd let her go."

"Al, al," Moe Kydd shook his head; then unexpectedly asked, "What happened to that man of yours? Where is he?"

"Never mind Pundiah," the major said; "just answer my question."

"You're a funny fellow," Moe Kydd said musingly. "What's the difference if it's a girl or a man? She could make a vill, couldn't she, or something, leaving all that good money to us, or maybe Devil Darrell would give the money to us, you understand, if he knew something was going to happen to her, like I told you already."

The major gave an unpleasant laugh.

"You're not as bright as you think you are, Moe. She could always make another will afterwards, invalidating the first."

"Sure, sure," Moe Kydd said complacently, "if she had time." He ran a thumb gently along a blade of his shears.

The major lost some of his color. "We've got to find her first," he mumbled after a long time.

"Jacob is out looking for her now," Moe said. "I think maybe Jacob will find her."

I. Marmaduke Drake, in his leisurely way, drifted into John Nairne's office. There was nothing about him to indicate the savage irritation he felt. Days had gone by and nothing had happened, confining him to an inactivity which he couldn't stand.

He had enlisted the services of his "staff"—"Butch" Tanner, Mr. Agosta, Mrs. Lannigen, and various other characters whom he occasionally subsidised with small sums and had instructed them all to be on the look-out for a man in a turban, and they in turn had passed the word on to all their friends and relatives.

On the whole, it made quite a sizable army, distributed over every quarter of the city, that was looking for the Indian. Yet no one had located him. Nor had Tony, the bootblack, who was on guard in the hall that led to Nairne's office, and who stared at John Nairne without a sign of recognition as the latter passed him on his way in, had anything to report. The whole thing aggravated I. Marmaduke Drake almost beyond endurance.

"Anything turn up?" he asked John Nairne.

John Nairne shook his head. "Nothing," he said morosely, "nothing special that is. Somebody came in this morning looking for Alice Thorne or rather Alice Darrell."

"Who was it?" Marmaduke Drake asked quickly.

"I don't know. I didn't ask his name. He represented some solicitor in London. He didn't say much, except that he had some information for her that would interest her, so I gave him her address."

I. Marmaduke Drake glared with exasperation.

"I keep you sitting here day after day just so that you'd let me know the minute something like that happened and a man comes in—to you of all people—to find Alice Thorne. Didn't that make you suspicious right away? Why should a stranger wander in here looking for her? How did he know you knew her? And all you do is just hand out her address. You don't even try to find out his name; you don't try to have him followed. I told you Tony was hanging around out there in the hall. Why in heaven's name should anyone come to you looking for her?"

John Nairne flushed.

"He explained all that," he said a little stiffly. "According to the information they had in London my father was a friend of her father's, and in trying to trace her they thought there was a chance that he would know where she was. I don't see anything suspicious about it. Besides, we can probably find out from Miss Thorne easily enough who my visitor was and what he wanted."

I. Marmaduke Drake restrained himself with difficulty.

"That brings me to one of the reasons I came here," he said a little uncomfortably. "I want you to go and see Alice Thorne. There's something that I think she ought to know, something that's not very pleasant for her to find out; something I think that perhaps she'd rather hear from you than from anyone else."

"What is it?"

"You're not going to like it very much yourself." I. Marmaduke Drake said, "but before you pass judgment on your father and the others, consider the circumstances. They had just got back from the war. Lots of men who came back weren't quite themselves, did things they wouldn't have done if they'd been . . . well, if they'd been quite normal."

John Nairne, every muscle in his body taut, his eyes far back in his head, said: "Go ahead, tell me."

"Some sixteen years ago five men stole a million dollars in bullion. One of them, Devil Darrell, got caught

and is in prison. Before they got him he had a chance to hide the gold. It's never been found and it won't be found till Devil Darrell chooses to disclose its hiding-place."

"Who were the others?" John Nairne rasped.

"Seebly, a Major Blackminster, an Indian . . ."

John Nairne, his face grey and drawn, finished the sentence for him.

"My father."

I. Marmaduke Drake nodded.

John Nairne looked with vacant eyes into space.

"The girl," he said after a long time, "she doesn't know about this. You can take my word for it. She's just as innocent in this as I am. She thinks her father is in the Secret Service."

"You like her, don't you?" I. Marmaduke Drake said. "And I'm pretty sure she likes you, and it's going to make it easier for you to tell her than for me."

"Why does she have to know? He's going to get out some time and she may never have to know." He broke off abruptly. His eyes lit up. "I've got it," he said. "He sent her a message through my father not



Alice Thorne—John Nairne fell in love with her at first sight.

long ago—Three months more. That's what he must have meant, that he'd be out in three months."

"That's when he would have been out," I. Marmaduke Drake said, "if he hadn't tried to escape. They caught him again and it'll be years more now. What's more she's never going to see him. Devil Darrell is dying."

John Nairne rose.

"You think I'm a fool, Drake. I know it, and you'll think me more of a one when I tell you this. I'm in love with Alice Thorne. That doesn't make sense, does it, to be in love with a girl you've seen twice, each time for only a few moments? I'm in love with her and I can't tell her the thing you're asking me to. It would break her heart."

"She's got to know," I. Marmaduke Drake said sternly. "Don't forget her father is dying. She may want to go and see him before the end. We haven't any right to withhold that from her."

"How do you know he's dying?"

"Because it was in that note that she brought down to you. The note contained a secret message. Here—"

He took Devil Darrell's message from his pocket and placed it on the desk. With his long forefinger he pointed at the words that were outlined in pencil. "That's where the slots were in the cardboard you gave me. That's the message."

"We owe it to Devil Darrell, too. Devil Darrell was quite a man, Nairne. He and your father were friends. Your father was the only one he trusted; that's why he was the only one who had the code. And Devil Darrell loves his girl, and we've got to give him his chance to see her before he dies, even though he may not want us to."

John Nairne made his mouth into a thin line. For many seconds they faced each other in tense silence, till at last John Nairne said:

"All right, you win."

"Good man," said Marmaduke Drake. He added:

"Take her out to dinner—or something. Here's some money."

Alice Thorne, toying with the stem of her cocktail glass, looked with warm, friendly eyes at John Nairne.

"It was nice of you to do this," she said. "I haven't many friends, even though I've been here two years; no men friends at all—that I like. I really hate eating alone."

John Nairne tried to smile and found it difficult.

"You're not eating," she said. "It's good. I don't know when I've enjoyed a meal so much. Maybe it's—it's the company."

"I'm not very gay," he said miserably, "but I won't be like this all the time. There's something on my mind. The next time we go out together I'll be different. You'll understand."

"Is there going to be a next time?" she asked gaily, trying to lift him.

"I hope so."

She put down her fork and looked at him with troubled eyes.

"What is it?" she asked a little breathlessly. "You're in some difficulty. Tell me. You must tell me. You'll feel better if you tell somebody else, even if it's somebody like me, who can't help much. But I'll try."

John Nairne looked about the room. There weren't many guests and none were near them. He reached his hand across the table, palm upwards, and unhesitatingly she placed hers in his.

"There's something I have to tell you, Alice," he said, "but before I tell you, there's something else I want you to know. This is only the third time I've seen you and yet I feel as if I've known you a long time, as though we had always been destined to know each other. I think you're the loveliest person I've ever met."

"All I want to do is to shield you, to protect you, keep anything unpleasant or that would hurt away from you, and I can't—his voice broke—"and I can't do it." His grip on her hand tightened, as though he were afraid she might take hers away. "But I love you, love you more than anything in the world. You believe that, don't you? You must believe it."

"Yes, I believe it, John." Her voice was level. "What else is there you want to tell me?"

John Nairne felt his throat go dry. "I don't want to tell you," he managed at last, "but I have to, and yet . . . I can't . . ."

A startled, frightened look came into her eyes.

"Is it—is it something about you—about me?"

He shook his head.

"Is it about my father? Has something happened to him?"

He let go her hand and gripped the edge of the table. The knuckles showed white; his face was grey. "Tell me," she breathed; "tell me."

Her tone was tense but insistent. "It's about your father," he whispered, not recognising his own voice, "and about mine. I've thought about it a lot, Alice, and I don't blame my father and you mustn't blame yours. Remember they were in the war together. They went through hell. Your father's war record was all that they said it was. He was wonderful. But when it was over their sense of values was destroyed."

He stopped. She was staring at him wide-eyed. A small hand was across her lips, as though to choke off a cry. He felt he couldn't go on, he couldn't—but he did. An inspiration had come to him. He'd lie, he'd lie himself blue in the face, even though she'd despise him for the rest of her days.

"It was all my father's fault," he said, "my father's and Seebly's and a couple of others. It was their idea. They planned to rob a bank of a million dollars' worth of gold. They were out of jobs, desperate and bitter towards the country for which they had fought, for which they had suffered, a country that was ready to forget them the instant the war was over. There were four of them and they asked your father to make a fifth. He wouldn't do it; he tried to keep them from doing it, but they were determined,

how they were going to proceed, and when they told him he realised instantly that they couldn't succeed, that there wasn't one of them had the brains or the daring to carry it out, that what they needed was somebody like himself . . . He joined them, Alice, not out of greed, not because he wanted the gold, but just out of loyalty to his old comrades in arms."

"It's really wonderful when you come to think of it, Alice," John Nairne rushed on, "nobody could blame him for choosing to stand by the men who had fought with him. That meant more to him than the laws of a society that could unfeelingly put men through such a hell as they had been through. You've got to admire loyalty like that, Alice. You've got to—well, you've got to take your hat off to a man like Devil Darrell," he blundered on.

Alice Thorne's face was white. Two tears trickled down her cheeks. In a ghostlike whisper she said:

"I love my father. I love him the way he was in the war. What happened to him?"

John Nairne swallowed hard. He ran a hand across his damp forehead. He couldn't stand much more of this. He'd tell her the whole awful business at one fell swoop and get it over with. He couldn't soften the blow any more than he had. In a tone that was scarcely audible, he said:

"That's the horrible part of it, the ironic injustice of it all. Your father, who only went into this thing for the sake of the others, to help his friends, was the only one who was caught; he was sent to prison, while the others got away." He heard her moan, but he steeled himself to go on. "He's a sick man, Alice, he's dying, that's why I had to tell you. You've got to go to him before it's too late. He loves you. It was in that note he sent you, the note he thought would reach my father. There was a message concealed in that. Drake discovered it. It reads: 'I'm dying. Take care of my girl.'"

Deliberately, John Nairne concealed the part about the map.

"You see, he's thinking about you right up to the end and he knew that he could trust my father to look out for you, just as he trusted Thorne to help him cover up the real facts. He hopes you'll never find out and maybe I shouldn't have told you, but somehow or other it didn't seem right. I can't tell you how hard it is for me; anyway, it doesn't matter about me, it's only you."

Alice Thorne dropped her head on to the table and buried it in her arms. She was crying softly.

Minutes went by before she raised her head and looked at John Nairne through tear-dimmed eyes. In a voice that was wonderfully steady, considering what she had just been through, she said:

"Thank you."

"Why thank me?" John Nairne said in a strained voice.

"Thank you for telling me, for being so considerate, and thank you most of all for lying. You're not a very good liar, John Nairne, and it must have cost you a lot to put all the blame on your father and exonerate mine; only you see, I can guess how it was, how they were all in it equally. Somehow, too, you've made me see how it could have happened. You've been very kind . . ."

"It's just—it's just that I love you."

It sounded totally inadequate, terribly clumsy to him as he said it, but not so to her. A wan little smile came to her lips.

"I know," she said, "I know . . . and it's the only thing that makes it bearable."

She rose. John Nairne flung a few notes on the table, more than enough to cover the bill, picked up his hat and coat from the bench beside him and led her outside.

The night was misty. Wet snowflakes were falling softly.

John Nairne signalled to a cruising cab.

"I'll see you home," he said.

They rode for blocks and she never spoke and neither did John Nairne. But when they were almost at her house she reached out her hand groping for him and found both of John Nairne's hands waiting for her.

The cab slid to a stop. John Nairne helped her out. A man was standing in front of her house; his collar was turned up, his derby was pushed down to his ears. As they started up the stoop, the man said:

The Cardboard Cline

"COULD you tell me, please, if Miss Darrell lives here?"

John Nairne had a sudden feeling of alertness, a premonition of something he couldn't explain to himself; also he thought that the voice sounded familiar. He started to say something, but before he could get it out Alice broke in.

"I am Miss Darrell. What did you want to see me about?"

"Me, I don't want to see you," the man said. "There's somebody else, somebody your father sent, who wants to talk to you. I've got a cab waiting. I can take you to him."

And now John Nairne knew who the stranger was. It was the man who had come to his office to get Alice Thorne's address.

"If somebody has a message for Miss Darrell," John Nairne said, "why can't he come here?"

Moe Kydd's cousin Jacob was a man of few words, but they were always to the point.

"Because he's sick he couldn't come here," he said promptly. "He's got to see Miss Darrell right way, otherwise, you understand, it might be too late."

Alice Thorne hesitated only a second.

"Where is your cab?" she said excitedly.

"Just a minute," John Nairne said. "Who is this man?"

"I don't know," Cousin Jacob said, "but you remember me, Mr. Nairne, don't you? I was to your office looking for Miss Darrell."

"Yes, I remember you. And perhaps we'd better postpone this visit to your friend till morning. It's pretty late to-night."

"Well, it's up to you; only maybe then it's too late. I don't know why you should worry, it's only a poor little man who shouldn't hurt nobody in a little tailor shop on Second Avenue."

"I've got to go," Alice said. "If he's got a message from my father—"

"All right," John Nairne said, "but I'm going too."

Cousin Jacob brushed some snowflakes from the lapels of his coat.

"Why not?" he said.

At that late hour I. Marmaduke Drake still sat in John Nairne's office. There was a worried expression on his face. He was wondering whether what he had in mind could possibly be accomplished or do any good. Presently, he heard the outer door thrown open with more than ordinary violence, then the door of the room in which he sat, and Sergeant Gruber came in.

"What's the idea of getting me down here at this hour?" the sergeant growled.

"I thought we'd better do it from here than from headquarters," I. Marmaduke Drake said faintly.

"Do what?"

"Do something that I suppose has never been done before, call up a prison in England and ask to talk to one of the inmates. I want to talk, or rather I want you to talk, to the warden of Deilmoor Prison and persuade him to let me speak to Devil Darrell."

Sergeant Gruber stared at him open-mouthed.

"Are you nuts?" he bellowed.

"I've got to talk to him," I. Marmaduke Drake persisted unperturbed. "That's why I got you here. You can tell the warden that it's official, that you're from headquarters and that it's important; tell him there might be a chance of recovering the gold that was stolen, tell him anything, only fix it so that I can talk with Devil Darrell."

"Where do you think that's gonna get you? What is this, anyhow? I don't give a hoot about Devil Darrell. I'm only interested in finding the guy who killed Seebay."

"That'll come later," Marmaduke Drake said. He pushed the phone towards the sergeant. "Just now I'm interested in seeing that nothing happens to young Nairne or perhaps to Devil Darrell's daughter, and my guess is that neither one of them is safe until it's definitely established that the gold has been returned."

Sergeant Gruber stared at him slightly demented.

"If I play along long enough with you," he growled, "I'll find myself back pounding a beat in Canarsie."

"Call him up," said I. Marmaduke Drake. "It's going to help you. If anything goes wrong, I'll take all the blame at headquarters. I'll say it was I who called and used your name."

Sergeant Gruber growled something unintelligible. He hesitated for a time, then he picked up the receiver and put in the call.

"While we're waiting," he said, "here's a bit of news for you, a bit of news that'll put an end to one of your pipe dreams anyway. We found the Indian."

I. Marmaduke Drake straightened up in his chair. His right eyelid came down as though with a bang. He hastily fished out his monocle and propped it up into place.

"You have?"

"Yeah, we have," Gruber said caustically, "found him in the East River. Down at the morgue they say he's been dead for more than two weeks, long before Seebay was killed. Laugh that one off."

For once I. Marmaduke Drake had no adequate reply.

"Gruber," he said finally, with an unaccustomed note of humbleness in his voice, "this thing is driving me crazy. For once I don't know what I'm doing. I could have bet a million dollars that it was the Indian."

The telephone rang sharply.

Sergeant Gruber snatched up the receiver. There was a half-minute delay while the operator told him that England was ready, then the sergeant found himself connected with the warden.

In a tone that was a mixture of pomposity and apology, the sergeant explained who he was and why he was calling. One of his men, he said, wanted to talk to a prisoner named Mark Darrell—Devil Darrell; it was of vital importance, not only in connection with a murder that had been committed in the United States, but might also result in the recovery of the bullion stolen from Kemberley's Bank more than sixteen years ago.

He hoped the warden would forgive him for calling at this unearthly hour, but every minute was of vital importance. Then he stopped talking and listened. He listened for a long time, so long in fact that I. Marmaduke Drake was under the impression that they were sending for Devil Darrell at the other end and that that accounted for the sergeant's lengthy silence.

He was totally unprepared for what happened next. Sergeant Gruber said:

"Thank you very much, Warden. Sorry to have bothered you. Any time you want anything from us, don't hesitate," and then the sergeant hung up.

"What did you hang up for—wouldn't he put Darrell on?" I. Marmaduke Drake said in an aggrieved tone.

"Any time you got any other bright idea," Gruber said disgustedly, "let me know. No, he wouldn't let me talk to Devil Darrell."

"Those confounded Englishmen—" Marmaduke Drake began.

"The reason he wouldn't let you or me or anyone else talk to Devil Darrell," the sergeant interrupted, "is that Devil Darrell isn't there. Devil Darrell escaped the day after they recaptured him."

MARMADUKE

Drake's monocle popped out of his eye, but he managed to catch it.

"That's more than two weeks ago."

"Yes, so what?" Gruber said sarcastically. "They've been keeping it quiet, so quiet that not even Scotland Yard tipped me off when they gave me that report. They figured they might pick up Devil Darrell's trail and that he might lead them to the other four guys who were in the robbery."

"But if he's been out more than two weeks, why haven't we heard from him?"

"What did you expect him to do—drop you a line?"

"Not me," said I. Marmaduke Drake in a bewildered way, "but—somebody."

"You're wonderful," said the sergeant, his face a picture of disgust. "I'm sick of playing marbles with you. To-morrow I'm going to take your young friend, Mr. John Nairne, down to headquarters. With a few boys working over him I guess we'll sweat the truth out of him."

With that the sergeant clamped his hat down on his head and strode out of the room.

For minutes I. Marmaduke Drake sat there lost in thought, a reverie from which he was roused by the telephone ringing once more. He picked up the receiver in a listless

way and heard Mary Gaylor's voice on the other end.

"I thought I'd tell you," she said, "that Tony was in here to report that he didn't find your man with the turban, but he followed somebody else. I guess he wanted to earn another half dollar. He followed some man who had called on Mr. Nairne to a tailor shop on Second Avenue."

Mary Gaylor spoke quickly, anxiously. She was perfectly certain that what she had to say wasn't of the slightest importance. Her real reason for calling was to make sure that nothing had happened to I. Marmaduke Drake. He was never on a case when she wasn't convinced that it would be his last and that he would come to an untimely end.

On the back of an envelope I. Marmaduke Drake mechanically scribbled the address of the tailor shop which she gave him. In response to her, "Are you all right?" he said with unintentional gruffness: "Why wouldn't I be all right? It's nonsense for you to be hanging around the office at this hour of the night. Go on home." Then he hung up.

For three days I. Marmaduke Drake alternated between a dismal depression and unbridled rage. John Nairne had disappeared, and Alice Thorne, to whose house Marmaduke Drake had gone in the hope that she might be able to give him some information concerning Nairne, had also apparently vanished from the face of the earth.

To add to his difficulties, Sergeant Gruber was literally frothing at the mouth. The sergeant insisted that Marmaduke Drake had spirited John Nairne away to keep him out of the law's clutches and in vain Marmaduke Drake protested. The sergeant wouldn't believe him, threatened to arrest him for obstructing justice and all sorts of dire consequences.

From morning to night Marmaduke Drake wrung gloomy notes from his guitar without getting an inspiration. His incessant playing almost drove his secretary, Mary Gaylor, to distraction, and she was grateful for the hour or two each day that he spent at John Nairne's office in the vain hope that something might turn up there.

What irritated him most of all was the fact that he appeared unable to concentrate properly on the problem.

Whenever he tried to think it out, tried to find some thread which he could follow and which would lead him somewhere, Devil Darrell kept crowding into his mind, occupying it to the exclusion of all else. Devil Darrell had been at large for more than two weeks and yet no word had come from him. He hadn't sent that map he had promised to send, he hadn't written his daughter or old Duncan Nairne.

I. Marmaduke Drake looked at his watch. It was half-past four. He rapped on the radiator with the screw-driver, and Mary Gaylor came in.

"I'm going home," he said; "you might as well go, too."

"Tony's coming back," she said. "He was in this afternoon while you were at Mr. Nairne's office. I suppose he thinks you'll pay him something for trailing that man to the tailor shop."

"Tailor shop? What tailor shop?" Then suddenly comprehension dawned on Marmaduke Drake's face.

What an idiot he had been to have forgotten that! Tony had trailed the man who had gone to John Nairne's office to get Alice Thorne's address. There must be something in that. He rummaged in his pocket for the envelope on which he had written the address.

There it was, Moe Kydd, and the address was on Second Avenue, just below Forty-second Street.

I. Marmaduke Drake seized his hat and coat.

"When Tony comes," he said, "keep him here for a while. I'm going up to that tailor shop now and I might want to send for Tony to pick out the man he trailed."

With that he rushed out.

He thought of taking a taxi-cab, but decided that the subway was quicker.

He got out at Forty-second Street and made his way, long strides, over to Second Avenue, followed by the indignant glances of the pedestrians whom he jostled in a heedless way. Across the street from Moe Kydd's tailor shop he came to a halt. Darkness was beginning to set in. There

were no lights in the little building that housed Moe Kydd's shop, save one on the ground floor, where the shop was located.

Marmaduke Drake stood there watching. He saw no one go in or come out, no sign of activity of any sort. Perhaps it was this that made him feel that there was some sinister quality about that little house.

He waited another few minutes, then walked across. He seized the door-knob, opened it, heard it strike and set tinkling the bell overhead.

There were two men in the dimly-lighted shop, one a small, hollow-cheeked little man with a yellow, wrinkled face, who seemed very old, and a second individual, younger, and of heavier build.

Marmaduke Drake turned to the smaller and older of the two, who was sitting on a small stool with his spindly legs pulled up and his heels poked to the rung of his chair, working on a pair of trousers.

"I'm looking for Moe Kydd," Marmaduke Drake said.

The little man glanced at him with half-closed, unreadable eyes.

"Moe Kydd is in," he said.

"I've got a message," said Marmaduke Drake, "for Mark Darrell's daughter."

Moe Kydd's face remained inscrutable, save for an inquiring look he directed at Cousin Jacob, who was busy ironing the sleeve of a much-worn overcoat. Cousin Jacob shook his head without looking up.

"I don't know anybody like that," Moe Kydd said. "Maybe you come to the wrong place, mister. Maybe she lives next door."

"MAYBE you know a Mr. Nairne?" I. Marmaduke Drake asked stolidly.

Moe Kydd looked at Cousin Jacob. Cousin Jacob shook his head.

"No, ye don't know no Mr. Nairne."

"How about Ben Seebay?"

For the third time, as though it were a ritual, Moe Kydd looked at Cousin Jacob and Jacob again shook his head.

I. Marmaduke Drake frowned. He was up against a stone wall. Perhaps Tony had made a mistake and the man he followed wasn't one of these two at all. They might really be as ignorant as they appeared. They certainly looked like a harmless pair.

He was on the point of saying something to the effect that he was sorry he had bothered them and taking his departure, when the door that led into the back room opened and a man came into the shop, a man whom I. Marmaduke Drake recognised instantly as the man who had come in him in Nairne's office, the man who had given his name as Ned Brown.

Apparently, Ned Brown wasn't immediately aware of the fact that there was a stranger in the shop; perhaps the fact that he was angry, fiercely sullen, made him burst out before he realised it.

"I can't do a thing with her—" He stopped as he caught sight of Marmaduke Drake.

I. Marmaduke Drake's mouth hardened. His eyes grew bleak.

"An old friend," he said softly, "Mr. Ned Brown."

Major Blackminster scowled at him. Recognition was mutual.

"What are you doing here?" he rasped.

"Nothing," said I. Marmaduke Drake, "nothing just yet—but I'm thinking of having a look round."

Cousin Jacob brought his iron down sharply on the overcoat and ran it to and fro with unwanted energy, but he said nothing. Moe Kydd made a little hissing sound between his lips, but he kept his squinty eyes on the frayed trousers he was attempting to mend. There was a baffled expression on the major's face for a second, then the scowl came back.

"Get out," he bellowed, "and stay out."

I. Marmaduke Drake looked about for a chair, but there wasn't any, so he leaned against the door frame. His eye took in Ned Brown's build, his straight military bearing, considered his manner of speech, the speech of a man accustomed to giving orders, and had a sudden inspiration.

"They found the Indian, Major—the police found him in the river."

For a fraction of a second the major's schooled self-control deserted him. His eyes flickered. He let out an oath, then he recovered himself.

"I REMEMBER now," he barked, "you're the chap that talks in riddles."

"Yes," said I. Marmaduke Drake carelessly, "and I've come looking for answers."

Cousin Jacob turned the coat on his board and brought his iron down heavily on the second sleeve. Moe Kydd with his head bent to his work kept shaking it from side to side. He picked up the long shears that lay on the table next to him, cut the thread with which he had been sewing, then rose. Without a word he shuffled over to where I. Marmaduke Drake stood and his hand reached toward the door.

At first I. Marmaduke Drake thought that the little man wanted to open the door and ask him to go, but then he realised that his intentions were the very opposite. He was reaching for the key, planning to turn it.

It flashed through I. Marmaduke Drake's mind that in a physical encounter there was a match for the three of them. He could slap Moe Kydd down before the latter was aware of what was happening to him and he wouldn't have much trouble with his partner; the only formidable one of the trio was Ned Brown, whom Marmaduke Drake felt confident was Major Blackminster, but the major, despite his vigorous physique, was no longer young and Marmaduke Drake felt confident that he could handle him along with the others. He would rather have enjoyed being locked up with this trio, save for one thing, they might be armed.

Moe Kydd's left hand closed on the key unheeded.

Marmaduke Drake let out a low laugh. It really amused him as he thought of what this puny little individual was attempting to do. His right hand shot out and closed about Moe Kydd's thin wrist with the thumb pressing down hard. He was looking into Moe Kydd's slitted eyes, a taunting look in his own.

He should have watched Moe Kydd more carefully, should have realised he was dealing with someone whose eyes would never betray him. He should have watched Moe Kydd's right hand, the one that held the shears. The blades were spread, they were flanking Marmaduke Drake's outstretched wrist.

Mere chance saved I. Marmaduke Drake. He glanced down at Moe Kydd's hand, to see if he had loosened his hold on the key, and so saw the shears, saw them just as the blades were about to snap.

Marmaduke Drake acted more by instinct than by reason. If he had let go of Moe Kydd's hand and attempted to draw back his own hand, those long, heavy blades would unquestionably have severed his fingers. Instead of drawing back he pushed his hand forward.

The blades closed on his thick forearm protected by the sleeve of his coat. They made gashes in the cloth without penetrating to the flesh. I. Marmaduke Drake's left hand covered Moe Kydd's face with spread fingers. He gave the little man a savage shove that sent him spinning, reeling crazily, the shears clattering to the floor at Marmaduke Drake's feet.

Cousin Jacob came round from behind his ironing-board. He came on unheeded, stolidly, as though bent on performing an everyday task, the heavy iron in his hand.

Major Blackminster advanced a few steps. There was an ugly, blue-black automatic in his hand.

I. Marmaduke Drake, every muscle in his body taut, braced himself to leap. He'd have to chance at least one shot from the gun.

Moe Kydd had stopped reeling. He was standing there taking in the scene with half-closed eyes.

"Vait," Moe Kydd said.

Cousin Jacob stopped in his tracks. The major frowned and looked at Moe Kydd.

"Maybe the gentleman would like to come in the back room," Moe Kydd said, "where we could talk things over better?"

I. Marmaduke Drake laughed—not a pleasant laugh. Little Moe Kydd was the brain of the outfit. He didn't want any rumpus, any shooting, in his store. It might bring on the neighbors or a passing policeman. He wanted Marmaduke Drake to come into the back room where he could be taken care of leisurely, without undue ruction.

M

ARMADUKE DRAKE had a notion that if he opened the door and walked out nothing would happen to him, that Moe Kydid wouldn't let the major shoot, but Marmaduke Drake couldn't leave. He hadn't forgotten the major's first words when he had come in: "I can't do a thing with her—". He couldn't leave without finding out to whom those words referred. Was it Alice Thorne?

"Maybe everything can be straightened out, you understand," Moe Kydid said in a tone that was full of promise.

"We'll straighten it out right here," said I. Marmaduke Drake tersely. He stooped down and picked up Moe Kydid's shears. He glanced briefly at the blades, then his eyes narrowed. The blades were stained with some reddish-brown substance that had dried and came off easily. I. Marmaduke Drake, his face more grim, turned to Moe Kydid. "Blood?" he asked.

"Al, al, why should it be blood?" I. Marmaduke Drake's hand went for the door-knob.

The major's pistol came up, pointing at the third button of Marmaduke Drake's vest.

"Don't think I won't shoot," the major said. "Nothing's going to happen to us if we kill you. You broke into this place, and we've got a right to shoot you. Take your hand away from that knob."

I. Marmaduke Drake's hand dropped.

"Put down that iron, Jake," the major went on, "and tie him up."

Obediently Cousin Jacob put down the iron and fetched some strips of cloth; he advanced on Marmaduke Drake.

With hands outstretched the latter went to meet him. They ought to have known him better than that, that he wouldn't be so docile. Before the major realised what had happened, I. Marmaduke Drake had manoeuvred himself around so that Jacob was between him and the major.

"Get out of the way, you fool," the major roared, even as I. Marmaduke Drake lashed out with a fist that landed flush on Cousin Jacob's chin.

The latter toppled backwards, would have bumped into the major if the major hadn't leapt to one side, but that instant's distraction gave Marmaduke Drake his chance. He leapt over the fallen Jacob and his huge hand had the major's wrist and was forcing it upwards, so that the gun was pointing towards the ceiling before the major could brace himself to take aim and fire.

The major lashed out with his free hand. Marmaduke Drake ducked the blow, gave the major's wrist a savage twist, and the gun slipped to the floor.

A growl of exultation came from deep down in Marmaduke Drake's throat. He was going to do a little cleaning up here now, and he'd start with the major. His fist went back, the blow started, but never landed. Moe Kydid had come up from behind. He had swung Cousin Jacob's iron. Had Moe Kydid been taller and stronger he would have killed Marmaduke Drake then and there.

As it was, the iron was too heavy for him, and he miscalculated his reach. The iron travelled in a semi-circle upwards. It struck Marmaduke Drake on the shoulder instead of on the back of the head as it was intended to. A sharp pain shot from his shoulder to his finger-tips. He staggered, his right arm useless at his side.

The major sprang for his gun and faced I. Marmaduke Drake, his face distorted, malign, his mouth twisted into an ugly line. There was for a second a horrible stillness in that dingy shop. Then it was broken in a startling way... the bell that hung over the door tinkled!

The door opened slowly. An extraordinarily tall man stood there with a head like a skeleton's, blue-grey skin drawn taut over gaunt cheekbones.

Instinctively, of one accord, they faced him, while his dark, burning eyes travelled from one to the other.

There was something weird about him, something unearthly, something unhuman about his movements, as though they were directed by a force beyond himself. And now he turned his back on them; very carefully he closed the door, locked it, and slipped the key into his pocket; and then faced them again, fixing his great smouldering eyes on the major. He advanced

a few steps, and in a queer, hollow voice he said:

"Don't you remember me, Blackie?"

Major Blackminster sucked in his breath. His eyes dilated as he stared at the newcomer.

"Devil Darrell!"

"Yes, Blackie. Where is my girl?" His words came slowly in a labored way.

Before Blackminster could answer,

a fit of coughing seized Devil Darrell, a spasm that racked his tall, spare frame from head to foot.

He looked around, his burning eyes moving in a dazed way. They rested only briefly on Moe Kydid, standing there taking it all in, motionless, they passed over Cousin Jacob struggling to his feet and came to rest on Marmaduke Drake.

"You Marmaduke Drake?"

I. Marmaduke Drake nodded.

"I got your message," Devil Darrell said, and turned back to Major Blackminster.

"Where's my girl?"

Major Blackminster avoided his glance.

"I—I don't know, but I'll find her for you. You can count on me, you know that."

"Where is she? Take me to her." Devil Darrell's voice came like the voice of a man speaking out of a deep cavern, yet there was something shattering about it, the tone of a man who would not be denied.

The major remained silent. He was looking at Moe Kydid. The latter was walking to and fro, his hands clasped behind his back, a thousand thoughts racing through his mind as he considered the intricacy of the situation that confronted him. He had considered every possibility for months, had thought of everything, but not this.

And the matter was further complicated by the presence of this huge, loose-jointed individual to whom Devil Darrell had referred as Marmaduke Drake. What was he doing in this, anyway? It was impossible to discuss the matter in front of him, but it was equally impossible to let him go. He'd have the police here in no time. And yet what could they do with him?

Instinct told Moe Kydid that Devil Darrell wouldn't stand for a cold-blooded murder, and certainly nothing must be done to offend Devil Darrell, a man who held the key to a million dollars. Moe Kydid came to a halt in front of Devil Darrell. With characteristic promptitude he had come to a decision.

"You shouldn't worry about your daughter, Mr. Darrell," he said ingratiatingly. "I'll see that she should be all right. Maybe while you was in prison you heard about by brother Anselm. We got influence, we can fix everything. The major here he can tell it to you. Also he can tell you that we have been taking care of him, waiting for you to come out. It's a difficult business, but a nice profit there will be in it for all of us."

One of his slitted eyes closed entirely and he motioned slightly with his head towards Marmaduke Drake, trying to make clear the reason for his ambiguous speech.

"He's referring to that million dollars' worth of bullion," I. Marmaduke Drake said dryly.

D

EVIL DARRELL, who had listened to Moe Kydid as though he hadn't heard a single word, paid no attention to Marmaduke Drake's comment. He turned back to the major, and with devastating insistence said again:

"Where's Alice? I want to see my girl."

"What makes you think I know where she is?" Blackminster said, with angry perulence. Far less agile-minded than Moe Kydid, he saw no way of coping with the situation.

"Word got to me at Delmoor right after they brought me back," he paused for breath, then struggled on, "that she had been kidnapped and was being held for ransom, that you had to know where the gold was to find money for her release. We don't hear much in prison, but we hear enough to know that kidnappings are frequent here in this State."

"I wasn't surprised at the kidnapping, but I was surprised that anybody should take Alice. They don't kidnap people who haven't any money... or whose relatives

haven't any money... nobody knew there was any money in her case... except Duncan Nairne and Seebie and the Indian... and you."

Devil Darrell paused again. It seemed as though each sentence sapped him of his strength.

Moe Kydid ran his tongue across his lips. He wasn't looking at Devil Darrell at all. He was watching Marmaduke Drake.

"I could trust Duncan," Devil Darrell went on, "and Ben Seebie wouldn't have the courage; the Indian wouldn't know how to go about it. There was only you, Blackie, and when they sent word to me that you were trying to get her free, I knew... I knew that you were trying to get me to tell you where it was hidden. They couldn't keep me in prison after that. I got out the next day..."

"You shouldn't worry about it for a minute, Mr. Darrell," Moe Kydid said soothingly.

Devil Darrell watched him walk past over to where Marmaduke Drake stood with no more interest than if he had been a fly.

"Mr. Drake," Moe Kydid said, "me I don't hold grudges. We forget that little argument we had. Maybe we was a little hasty. Like everybody, I betcha you could use some nice money, and I'm making you a partner right now. You know there's plenty for everybody. I heard you say it just now. A million dollars. You should get your share, too."

I. Marmaduke Drake said nothing. Something was going to happen and he was waiting.

Moe Kydid turned back to Devil Darrell.

"Now the first thing we got to do is to get the money. Me and Mr. Darrell we fix that in no time. He'll tell me and I'll send a cable to Anselm, my brother. A fool he is about some things, but about others he's smart. He gets us the cash right away."

For the first time something that Moe Kydid had said seemed to register with Devil Darrell.

"There isn't going to be any money for any of you... or for me. The gold is going back... back to the bank from which we stole it."

"You can't doublecross me like that," the major protested with a roar, an insane glitter in his eyes, "not after all these years."

"What years?" Devil Darrell said. "Who paid for that gold with years? I did." And suddenly more strength came to his voice. "I paid for it, and I say it's going back." He seemed taller, more powerful, while his hot eyes burned challengingly into Blackminster's. Then with that deadly insistence he repeated: "And now where's my girl?"

Major Blackminster glowered back at Devil Darrell. His lips were drawn back from his teeth, the light of madness shone in his eyes, and yet there was fear in them, too. He was afraid of Devil Darrell.

"Listen, Devil, I've waited sixteen years. We were all in this together, all ran the same chances, it was just hard luck that you got caught. The others are all dead; there's just you and me. We can live the rest of our lives comfortably—"

"My life is over," Devil Darrell said. "Do I have to ask you again?"

"Tell me where the gold is and you can have the girl." The major's tone was almost shrill now.

Devil Darrell advanced two steps. The major's gun came out and covered him.

Moe Kydid sat on a stool, brooding, toying with his shears.

I. Marmaduke Drake took half a dozen quick steps and stood by Devil Darrell's side. A wave of sympathy for this big, dying man swept over him. He could visualise what he must have gone through, with what indomitable courage he had escaped a second time the minute he heard that his daughter was in danger.

It gave Marmaduke Drake a queer feeling of exhilaration to help him fight his battle. He spoke up sharply now.

"You can put that thing away, Major. It won't do you any good. My guess is that the girl's here in this house and I'm going through it to find her."

A strange, animal-like noise came from Blackminster's throat.

"Try it," he snarled. He kept his gun waving between Devil Darrell and Marmaduke Drake.

For an instant Devil Darrell looked at Marmaduke Drake. A fleeting softness came into his eyes. His mouth twisted itself into a

crooked line that might be taken for a wan smile, then he pushed Marmaduke Drake aside and walked steadily towards Major Blackminster.

"I've been over the top, Blackie... a hundred times, and I was never afraid... and I'm not afraid now."

"Keep back, you fool, or I'll let you have it." The major's voice rose to a shriek. There was terror in his eyes. Then his gun barked... once... twice.

Devil Darrell staggered, but he kept right on. His long, lean hands closed about Blackminster's throat and he slammed the major against the wall so hard that his gun dropped from his hand.

I. Marmaduke Drake looked swiftly about. Jacob was standing there like a statue watching with unseeing eyes. Moe Kydid had risen. He was walking on tiptoe towards Devil Darrell, holding his shears like a dagger.

In the course of his years I. Marmaduke Drake had struck many a man, but he had never hit anyone so hard as he hit Moe Kydid now. The little man slumped to the floor unconscious. Then with a feeling of uncontrollable rage Marmaduke Drake turned and made for Cousin Jacob.

Marmaduke Drake reached him with a bound, and once more his fist went crashing. Then he went to where Devil Darrell stood, still gripping the major's throat, crushing the life out of him slowly.

H

ERE Marmaduke hesitated. He ought to go to the major's aid, no matter how much he deserved what he was getting, but before he could make up his mind his help wasn't needed. Devil Darrell let go, and put his hands to his breast, where a great blotch of red was spreading across his shirt. Marmaduke Drake caught him as he was about to fall and lowered him gently to the floor. He snatched a pile of old clothes from the table, made a pillow of them for Devil Darrell's head.

"I'll be right back," he said.

Outside people were pounding against the door. The noise of the shots had attracted a curious, anxious group. I. Marmaduke Drake paid no attention to them. He dashed into the back room, looked around, and found a door. The door gave on to a narrow flight of stairs. He took them two at a time, lighting matches as he went.

There were two rooms on the next floor. In the second he found Alice and John Nairne. They were both tied hand and foot and gagged. It was the work of seconds to free Alice.

"Downstairs, quick," he said, "your father's there! It's a matter of minutes, seconds, maybe."

She didn't wait to ask any questions.

More leisurely he freed John Nairne. Young Nairne's right arm was bandaged above the elbow.

"The little tailor, he stabbed me," John Nairne said by way of explanation.

I. Marmaduke Drake nodded.

"Come on down," he said. Explanations could wait. He wanted to see if there was anything he could do for Devil Darrell.

They found Alice kneeling beside her father, holding his head in her arms. There was an expression of peace on Devil Darrell's face.

I. Marmaduke Drake started to walk away. He had a feeling that there was something sacrilegious about standing there and looking at these two. But Devil Darrell beckoned weakly to him. He was trying to say something. Marmaduke Drake knelt down beside them.

"Thanks," Devil Darrell said. "I don't—don't understand how you got in this—but thanks." He paused for a breath and made one more terrific effort. "The map—it's in—my pocket—the gold has to go back—I trust you—there's a reward."

I. Marmaduke Drake thought: It was the end, but it wasn't quite.

Devil Darrell fumbled with his hand towards his outside pocket. He got it in, and when he extracted it he brought forth a scrap of paper that he let flutter to the floor—and something else—the Croix de Guerre. For a second his dimming eyes rested on it, then he held it out to his daughter and spoke his last words.

"For you."

If you don't want me to run you in, you'll tell me a straight story," Sergeant Gruber said, "and for heaven's sake put down that infernal music-box."

Obviously I. Marmaduke Drake put down his guitar.

"I told you most of it already," he said.

"How come that this Devil Darrell," Gruber wanted to know, "went straight to that tailor shop?"

"That was a bit of luck," I. Marmaduke Drake conceded. "You see, when I discovered that he had escaped and had been at large for two weeks, I couldn't understand why he hadn't tried to communicate with old Nairne or at least with his daughter. He had done that the first time the minute he was free, so it occurred to me that he might be coming over here, stowing away on a boat or something like that."

"If he did, the first place he would go to would be either Duncan Nairne, because he could find him in the telephone book, or to see his daughter. He probably had her address from the Thornes, who had brought her up. I figured that if he went to his daughter she'd put him in touch with me, but then she disappeared and I had only one chance left."

"I wrote a note in his own code. He'd realise instantly by the crazy kind of a note it was that it was in code, and I pasted it on Nairne's office door in case he turned up there and I wasn't around. The significant words in that note told him to get in touch with me immediately."

"That's just what happened. Luckily he had his copy of the code with him—you found it on him, didn't you? He went there last night, saw the note, then came right down here. Mary Gaylor was still here, and told him that I'd gone up to that tailor shop."

"If I had half the dumb luck that you have—," Gruber mumbled. "I suppose there's a fat reward for turning up the gold?"

"There is," said Marmaduke Drake, "and it's going as a wedding present to Mr. and Mrs. John Nairne. I figure the Thornes will help me put that over so those two kids won't know that it's even indirectly connected with what their fathers did."

"Humph," said the sergeant.

"I can't prove," said I. Marmaduke Drake, "that the major killed Seebie, but I guess it is fairly obvious. Probably the Indian tried to blackmail him and he killed the Indian first and he then went around masquerading in his costume whenever there was any dirty work to be done."

"That's all guesswork," said Gruber.

"No, it isn't," said I. Marmaduke Drake. "I found the turban and some grease-paint in the major's quarters when I stopped off there early this morning. I was afraid that if I didn't dig up something like that you'd still be bull-headed enough to think that John Nairne had anything to do with Seebie's murder."

A look of triumph came into Sergeant Gruber's face.

"I knew all the time that he hadn't," he declared gleefully. "A man can't muss around an office without leaving a lot of fingerprints behind, and there wasn't a fingerprint in those two rooms that matched the ones on the dagger. I just figured that if I scared you enough, you'd turn up something. It might interest you, too, to know that Moe Kydid and his cousin didn't waste any time; they turned state's evidence last night and what they say checks with you." He waved an airy hand and sauntered out of the office.

Mary Gaylor came in. She was holding up Marmaduke Drake's overcoat, pointing at the slits in the sleeves of his coat.

"How did this happen?"

"Mothe," said I. Marmaduke Drake, reaching for his guitar. "What are you forever worrying about me for?"

Mary Gaylor turned away so that he mightn't see the hurt look in her eyes. She stood there for a moment, her shapely shoulders quivering, then with a toss of her head she said:

"You'll never be much of a detective; you haven't any eyes."

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Printed and published by Consolidated Press Ltd., 169-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

SMART HAND-KNIT...

THIS royal-blue and white cardigan is quick to knit, cosy to wear. If you feel that royal-blue does not suit you, consider navy and white, red and white, green or yellow and white.

NO belt is needed for this cleverly-designed woolly. Very effective, slenderising, too, because of its ribbing.

You will note that directions are also given for long sleeves.

We advise you to use the wool specified, otherwise success of garment cannot be guaranteed.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 18ins. Bust, 32-34ins. Length of sleeve seam, 5ins.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; rb., royal-blue; w., white.

Tension: 7 sts., 1in; 8 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and rb. wool cast on 91 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 3, k 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts., p 3, k 2.

2nd Row: P 2, * k 3, p 3, repeat from * to last 5 sts., k 3, p 2. Repeat last 2 rows for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of st.). Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row until increased to 115 sts. When work measures 11ins. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows; k 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7ins. shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and rb. wool, cast on 61 sts. Work in pattern as for back for 2ins. (working 1st row into back of st.). Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. at side seam edge every 4th row until increased to 73 sts. When work measures 11ins., cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 5ins., cast off 31 sts. at neck edge of the next row. Work remaining 30 sts. in pattern for 2ins., then shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends, and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 5in. from lower edge, and 6 more 2ins. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., work to end.
2nd Row: Work to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., work 4 sts.

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and rb. wool, cast on 79 sts. Work in pattern for 1ins. (working 1st row into back of st.). Change to No. 10 needles and continue in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until increased to 99 sts. When sleeve seam measures 5ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 29 sts. Cast off.

LONG SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and rb. wool, cast on 67 sts. Work in pattern for 3ins. (working 1st row into back of st.). Change to No. 10 needles and continue in rib, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 99 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19ins., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 29 sts. Cast off.

CUFFS

Using No. 10 needles and w. wool, cast on 11 sts., work in moss-st. for 1ins. Stitch on to lower edge of sleeve to form a facing.

FACING

Using No. 10 needles and w. wool, cast on 11 sts. Work in moss-st. for 16ins. for left front, then k 2 tog. at same edge every row until decreased to 1 st., increase 1 st. at shaped edge every row until increased to 11 sts. and continue in moss-st. for 4ins. (to go across left side of front of neck). K 2 tog. at the longest side of

MATERIALS required:

Eight skeins "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof or "Wilga" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2101 (royal-blue); 2 skeins "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof or "Wilga" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 2 pairs needles Nos. 10 and 12; 7 white buttons.

NO ordinary cardigan this, as you will agree. And yet it's so easy to make.

MATERIALS: Patons' Super-Scotch Fingering, 2-ply, 100% white, 100% contrast; a pair of No. 10 needles; 1 yard of narrow ribbon.

Tension: Eight stitches to an inch, measured over garter-stitch. The foot of the bootie is worked in garter-stitch throughout (i.e., every row knitted plain).

Cast on 20 stitches.

1st and alternate Rows: No shaping.

2nd and 4th Rows: Increase at each end of row.

6th Row: Increase at end of row only.

8th, 10th, 12th, 14th Rows: Decrease at end of row only.



THESE cosy booties have striped tops—blue for a boy, palest pink for a girl.

Bootees for baby

16th, 18th Rows: Increase at end of row only.

19th Row: Knit the first 11 stitches, place the others on a spare needle.

20th, 22nd Rows: Increase once in last stitch.

23rd to 33rd Rows: Knit without shaping.

34th, 36th Rows: Decrease at end of row.

37th Row: Knit to end. Cast on 12 stitches.

38th, 40th Rows: Decrease at end of row.

42nd, 44th, 46th, 48th Rows: Increase at end of row.

50th Row: Decrease at beginning of row.

52nd, 54th Rows: Decrease at each end of row.

56th Row: Cast off.

With right side of work facing, pick up 28 stitches, and knit together with the 12 stitches from the spare needle, making 40 stitches all round the instep. Knit 4 rows plain.

5th Row: * K 1, m 1, k 2 tog., repeat from * to last stitch, k 1.

6th, 7th Rows: Knit plain.

Now with right side facing, work the legs in the two-color rib:—

1st Row: * K 2 pink, p 2 white, take white wool between needles to back of work; repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: * K 2 white, bring white wool between needles to front of work, p 2 pink; repeat from * to end.

Repeat these two rows for 11ins., ending with 1st row, then break off the pink wool. With the white wool, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: * K 6, k twice into next 2 sts., repeat from * to end.

2nd Row: * P 4, k 6, repeat from * to end.

3rd Row: * K 6, k twice into next st., k 2, k twice into next st., repeat from * to end.

4th Row: * P 6, k 6, repeat from * to end.

5th Row: * K 6, k twice into next st., k 4, k twice into next st., repeat from * to end.

6th Row: * P 8, k 6, repeat from * to end. Break off the white wool.

7th, 8th Rows: With the pink wool, k 2 rows plain.

Cast off.

Sew up the seams of the little bootie and thread ribbon through the holes at ankle.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3333.—Simple style highlighted with unusual gathering. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., and ¼yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3320.—Effective tunic frock with tailored bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3337.—Tailored style that is perfect for sheer wool. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3339.—Simple and flattering dress for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2237.—Adorable style for very young things of 2 to 4 years. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2431.—Charming blouse garnished with broad tucks. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F1937.—Evening gown with soft fullness gathered into a tiny waistline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 9½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

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ZIP

F2431

F1937

F2237

F3337

F3320

F3333



THE END OF COMMAND



Captain Rahlee . . . he carried scars in his memory that even time could not erase.

Dearer to him than life itself was the sea's time-honored tradition

CAPTAIN RAHLEE awoke suddenly in the pitch darkness, and without apparent cause. Worn out with days of tight vigil, ever since the big passenger-freighter Cynthia had left New York, he had lain down fully dressed on the chartroom settee, and unless emergency came he had expected to sleep until dawn.

He wanted to be fresh, and more alert than ever, when the ship entered the Channel in the morning, and he had been master long enough to know that exhaustion added to worry is not a good combination with which to face trouble.

The war was a matter of weeks old, and there were ruthless grey raiders running amok along the sealmes; and there were stories of grim sinkings that were already legend.

The memory of the Athenia was still a nightmare to haunt every passenger-skipper afloat, and the eye-aching tension of watching through naked daylight for a hint of periscope or stray smoke, coupled with the tight, appalling strain of running in crowded waters after dark, all lights doused and the dangers of collision looming large, was enough to hasten the grey hairs in any master's head.

He lay still in the darkness for a moment, testing the ship's movement with his body as it were. He could feel her lifting to the sea-lunge, giving an easy roll away from it, and he could feel the engines pulsing steadily below, and he knew all was well. Except there was a curious gnawing worry working inside him, a premonition, as it were.

He remembered he had had the same queer feeling just before the Ivanhoe had been hit and gone down in the last war, and he got up with an irritable exclamation, calling himself an over-strung old fool. He switched on the shaded lamp above the chartroom table and saw that it was just five bells, two-thirty. Common sense told him to lie down again.

His mates were competent men and would call him on any suspicion of danger. But he knew it was no use. He had three hundred passengers below and the mine-strewn, war-ridden Channel opening before him, and with a sigh he reached for his oilskins and sou'-wester.

He put them on with a sort of methodical haste, a white-haired, lean man of middle height; his face heavy-tanned and his grey eyes narrowed from year-long peering across the sunwash on the swells, and into the drive of flung spray.

He was one of those men who cannot be really hurried, even in moments of acute stress and anxiety, and he took time to inspect the barometer fastened on the bulkhead, and he tied the strings of his sou'-wester with as much care as usual.

He even, as was his custom each morning, mechanically took the cover off the cage of his pet canary which hung over the flag rack, forgetting for a moment it was not morning yet at all. And running his fingers across the cage wires he said absently: "I'm afraid we'll have trouble, Tommy. Trouble, Tommy boy. It's in my bones." And after that he went on the bridge.

The Cynthia was snoring steadily through long, lulling seas that came white-topped across the night, the wind lifting water-smoke from the crests, and the moon, riding high behind a veil of driven acid, casting occasional steely glints along the breaking foam. It was cold, and the few stars that showed



In orderly manner, the first of the boats moved away.

seemed to move about the Cynthia's masts as the big ship dipped and swung.

For all her movement she seemed a dead ship, Captain Rahlee thought. A ghost ship. Not a light showing save for the shaded pin-point that was the binnacle; every port screwed shut; such men as were about speaking instinctively in whispers.

Curious that, when you came to

By A. R. WETJEN

think of it. As if they could be heard above the water-noises along the hull and the wind-rip along the sea.

It was the tension that caused it; the grim knowledge that somewhere in the waste of toiling, night-hung water there might be watchers waiting for a hint of the Cynthia's presence. No need to caution the look-outs in wartime to keep their eyes skinned, the captain thought ironically.

You couldn't even stop half the watch below from coming up now and then to give nervous looks around. And if the men were poised, waiting, as it were, for the roar of destruction tearing the plates beneath them, what could be expected of the master? He was lucky he'd been able to sleep for the few hours he had.

"Sparks got a couple of flashes a while back, sir," said the second mate. He joined the captain at the forward rail, huddling in his greatcoat. "Nasty night for anything to crack."

"Pretty cold for open boats," agreed the captain. "What were the flashes?"

"Bengal Pride lost yesterday afternoon off the east coast of Scotland. Ten men missing. And the Santhia got one right midships off Ushant. It seems to have been quite a mess." The second mate stamped his feet and added deferentially, "I guess you know what that means, sir."

Please turn to page 25

You can do as I did

Stop INDIGESTION

"For months I suffered acute pain from indigestion and stomach trouble. I tried several remedies without result. I was recommended to try De Witt's Antacid Powder. After only four doses I was greatly relieved. Now, after taking about half a tin," writes Mr. A. G. V., "I have completely recovered. I have told other people about De Witt's Antacid Powder, for I am very thankful and overjoyed at the benefits I have received."

"You can do as I did." That's the advice of a host of sufferers who have ended indigestion and stomach trouble with this quick-action remedy. So, even if you have suffered for years, there is no need for despair.

De Witt's Antacid Powder overcomes indigestion and stomach trouble because, firstly, it neutralises excess stomach acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it helps to digest your food whilst your digestion is being restored to normal. Why suffer longer?

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1. Reveals 33% more lustre.
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3. Makes Perming faster, safer.
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.

LOVELY MODEL SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE
LEFT: Soap-washed side—dull, lifeless.
RIGHT: Colinated side. Hair like silk.

Thrill to see your hair glorified by this shampoo—proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

UNIQUE "half-head" tests—one side washed with Colinated foam, the other with a soap or powder shampoo—gave these amazing results: 1. Hair washed with Colinated foam was up to 33% more lustrous. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Retained natural curl. 4. Took better "perms," faster.

Not a soap, not an oil, this new Colinated foam can't make that gummy, unrinseable "acum" of alkaline soaps and powder shampoos. Leaves hair silky—soft and glistening, and twice as thrilling. Washes away completely all dirt, grease and loose dandruff.

Make a note now to ask your usual chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of Colinated Foam Shampoo. (It costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

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The End of Command

Continued from page 23

CAPTAIN RAH-LEE laughed a little. "Yes," he agreed. "I know what that means." He wore a long row of ribbons that told how well he knew, and he carried scars in his memory that even time could not erase. Twice torpedoed in the old war; once mined; once sunk by shellfire. Would he ever forget that terrible night in '17 when they lost the Ivanhoe? Her whole side torn out, and the iron sea pouring into her, and the panic-mad immigrants in the steerage trying to jump overboard without waiting for any boats.

He gripped the Cynthia's rail and winced a little as cold spume blew up and struck his face and the persistent wind tugged at his giskins. What did a man want to go to sea for? It was a hard enough way to follow in times of peace, and in times of war it became brutally grim as well.

"Well, another couple of days and we'll be docked, sir," ventured the second mate, with assumed cheerfulness. "You know, sir, this is the first time I've ever run a blockade."

"So I should imagine," said Captain Rahlee, dryly. His second mate had been little more than an unlicked pup when the last war had covered the sea floor with slaughtered ships. He stirred uneasily at the remembrance and peered forward into the murk of the night.

The premonition was strong upon him again, as it had been just before the Ivanhoe had been struck, and he felt his hands sweating in spite of the cold. He thought irritably he'd better pull himself together and forget what might happen, and he was about to ask the second mate to call the steward for hot coffee when the acid-velled moon came riding into an area of clear sky, lighting all things with brilliance. And fast then disaster came.

It was the crew's next lookout who saw it first, and his scream came thin across the wind. "Starboard! Pull a starboard, sir!" and then his fast ringing of the crew's nest bell, to arouse the ship, half-smothered the cries of the other look-outs on the fore'st-head and in the bridge wings.

Captain Rahlee felt his stomach tighten and his throat grow dry, and then he remembered that whatever happened he must remain calm. For from behind a long, moon-glistening sea . . . A ghostly vision over twenty years old came to life again! . . . the sleek shape of the under-sea boat slid easy to view. There was no other warning.

The Cynthia was a brilliant target limned in the moonlight, her decks shining, and the sturvy foam sparkling as it ran along her hull. And the racing torpedo caught her square in number one hold.

There was a flat, hard concussion of sound; an enormous column of tortured water; the scream of torn steel. The Cynthia reared like a whale gored by a swordfish, reeled hard to port, and then fell back with a crash so solid, water swept her foredeck before she steadied. Automatically Captain Rahlee rang the engines to stop.

"Switch on all lights now," he ordered, his voice sounding faint and flat in his deafened ears. "We'll need light to get the boats away, and there's not much else she can do unless she wants to waste another fish." He added a bitter oath then, and the second mate said, "Yes, sir," and raced away, shaking with excitement and a touch of panic.

"It's a blessing we berth the crew aft here," muttered the captain. "Or that explosion would have got them." He hoped the wireless operator had smashed out an S.O.S. without waiting to be told, and he winced a little as the slamming of doors came from amidships, together with the alarmed shouts of the passengers. There was already a note of hysteria in the cries of the women, he thought. Just as there had been that ghastly night when a mine had ripped the Ivanhoe open.

He could still remember old Captain Waterman on the bridge as she disappeared, his hands fast on the rail and his anguished and bewildered face etched sharply in the ghastly white flares from the too-gleaming lifeboats, as they stood off and on and waited for the end. Ugly work!

He stared across the sea and his

lips compressed as he saw the U-boat swing a little and bring a gun to bear. The orange spurt of the explosion was followed by a splitting crash on the Cynthia's upper deck, and for a moment Captain Rahlee had the sick thought she was trying to destroy the boats.

Then it came to him she was really trying for the wireless house, so details of her own position would not be sent out. Trust an efficient enemy to have blueprints of all the large ships and know where to strike.

He felt impotent rage swell within him. The Cynthia was not armed. She could not fight back. There was nothing to do but wait the raider's pleasure, and take whatever was sent. The orange spurt came again, and a second shell hit the Cynthia just about the bridge, as she swung in the trough without steering way.

Captain Rahlee felt a blast of fiery air staggering him, and then a whimpering of steel fragments about him, and last of all a heavy, burning blow that seemed to eat into the small of his back and made him grasp at the ship's rail to keep from falling.

"Good lord!" someone said, and Captain Rahlee turned to discover Mr. Means, his first mate, at his elbow, already spray-soaked and with a reddening splinter-gash along one cheek, busily buttoning his hastily-donned jacket. Things were happening fast.

"Pleasant, isn't it?" Captain Rahlee agreed. He was breathing hard and he felt something warm running down his side and he knew he was wounded. But there was little pain as yet and his voice held steady. "Go down and tell the stewards to keep the passengers as calm as they can, while you'd better get the watches organised and swing the boats clear." He stared at the U-boat and gritted his teeth. "Make

it fast. That devil may blow us open before she clears out."

"Yes, sir," agreed Mr. Means, and went away on the run. Captain Rahlee passed shaking hands over his face, damp now with perspiration in spite of the cold, and when he looked up the sleek-hulled raider was submerging. He wondered if she had decided not to waste any more shells upon an already doomed ship, or whether she thought she had caught the wireless shack with the last one. Probably that was it.

Shooting by moonlight was deceptive, he thought, and he felt a swift relief that she was leaving them. At least now he could give all his attention to saving life, and from the sudden lift of the decks beneath him he had an idea there was not going to be a great deal of time. Probably the Cynthia's whole forepart was ripped clean out.

He steadied himself and beckoned a shaking, white-faced little apprentice who had been on lookout in the bridge-wing, and he patted the boy's oilskinned shoulder as he spoke. "Quite a business, son, eh? Very messy."

"What's your name? Thomas?" Well, Thomas, run along to the wireless shack and tell them to send 'Wait a minute!' He painfully crossed the bridge to the chart-room, scribbled a few words and handed the slip to the boy. "Come right back when you're done. I'll need a messenger."

He returned to the forward taffrail, nodding approval at the nervous and half-dressed third mate appeared, and he told him to stand by. A steady throbbing was growing in his side and his clothing was sticky with blood. He was glad no one could notice it. There were other things to think about, anyway. The moon broke through the scud and glittered coldly across the troubled sea, and etched the masts and rigging of the Cynthia blackly upon her decks.

Please turn to page 28

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe you get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE
For YOUR EYES
SOOTHES - CLEANSSES - REFRESHES

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a box of Orlene Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."



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BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Sleep Sound All Night

The largest selling medicine for bronchitis and asthma in all blizzard-cold Canada is Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple acting)—sold in Australia—a blessing to thousands. There's nothing so safe and sure in the world—2 or 3 doses in sweetened hot water just before bedtime and many a sufferer from Asthma has found relief and a good night's rest—and that bad, old, persistent, bronchial cough has left you. Get a bottle at any chemist or store. You can depend on it, Buckley's Canadiol gives definite quick relief from that struggle for breath.

Buckley's
CANADIOL
MIXTURE
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

To Relieve
Catarrhal Deafness
and Head Noises

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of **Parmit** (double strength), and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessert-spoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Do You Know?

OFFENDS HIS GOD IF TEETH ARE UNCLEAN

THE HINDU
CLEANS HIS TEETH
CAREFULLY AFTER EVERY MEAL.
EVEN BEGGARS ASK FOR
WATER AS WELL AS FOOD TO
RINSE THE MOUTH AFTER
EATING. TO HAVE SOUND,
CLEAN TEETH IS PART
OF EVERY HINDU'S
RELIGION.

ANCIENT REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE

Whoever goes to the brook on
EASTER SUNDAY before sunrise is from his bed
lifts up a stone with his teeth after he has
washed his head & face with the water of the
brook, then throws the stone over his head.
He is safe from TOOTHACHE all the year.
YOU CAN GUARD AGAINST TOOTHACHE WITH MUCH
LESS TROUBLE BY USING KOLYNS REGULARLY.
KOLYNS CLEANS EVERY TOOTH THOROUGHLY
PREVENTS DENTAL DECAY & TOOTHACHE!

DENTAL FORGET
RELIEVES LASTS THREE AS
LONG AS ORDINARY
DENTAL CREAM. 7c AN
OZ. ON A DRY
BRUSH IS ALL
YOU NEED!

DENTAL DRY BRUSH

DR. LEO F. RETTGER
PROFESSOR OF BACTERIOLOGY
YALE UNIVERSITY

KOLYNS DENTAL CREAM

RECENTLY CONDUCTED A
SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS TO
DETERMINE THE NUMERICAL REDUCTION
OF BACTERIA IN THE MOUTH, AND THE
LENGTH OF TIME SUCH A REDUCTION
PERSISTED WHEN KOLYNS WAS
USED. This Chart shows how
KOLYNS helps prevent
"BACTERIAL MOUTH"

PERCENTAGE OF REDUCTION OF BACTERIAL FLORA		
	BRUSHING WITH KOLYNS	AFTER 10 MINUTES
98.6%	92.5%	
98.4%	95.5%	
99.0%		

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT AT LEAST 40% OF ALL SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE CAUSED BY DENTAL DECAY

Three of Hearts...



● **INGENUE** Alexis Smith, named "Blonde Bomber" after her first Warners' film, "Dive Bomber." Just out of high school, Alexis found it easy to get work as photographic model, but Hollywood had more glamor. She is five feet seven inches tall.

● **COMEDIENNE**

Ann Sothern, likeable, energetic 33-year-old MGM star, is a tireless war worker. Ann makes personal appearances at army camps, in between times knits socks for soldiers (above).



● **TOMBOY**

Priscilla Lane, of Warners, the screen's "typical modern girl," leads a popular ash-blond fashion. A former nightclub singer, Priscilla prefers straight romantic film roles (right).



... Winning Trick



● **EXOTIC** Hedy Lamarr, whose name has become a synonym for glamor, is in real life an everyday type of girl, who prefers slacks to satin, movies to nightclubs, calls her men friends "good pals." Her best girl friend is witty Ann Sothern.



● **REDHEAD** Arleen Whelan, ex-manicurist, now of 20th Century-Fox films, began her movie career as an ingenue, is now out to make herself the alluring sophisticate.



● **ROMANTIC** Brenda Marshall, slim, startlingly beautiful, softly spoken, plays dramatic heroines in Warner's films. Brenda is only five feet three inches, is one of moviedom's best-dressed girls.



Irregularity Stopped by a breakfast food!



It takes a breakfast food—not a harsh purgative—to clear up constipation troubles. Harsh purgatives, which rely on "shock tactics" to force your system into action, are useless—except as a temporary relief. And even so, they can get you into serious trouble, especially if you're passing through those critical "middle years"—between 35 and 45. Hospital records show that over 75% of cases of a severe type of illness in people over 35 are directly caused by the too-frequent use of harsh laxatives.

Constipation is usually caused by lack of "bulk" in your diet

Our modern staples—bread, meat, fish, eggs, milk—contain very little, or no "bulk" at all. Consequently, your intestinal muscles don't get the exercise they need. They become soft,

flabby, and cease to work. When you force them into action with harsh purgatives, you only aggravate the condition.

The safe, natural way to end constipation

There's one safe way to get back to healthy regularity—by eating Kellogg's All-Bran. Two tablespoonfuls of this pleasant-tasting cereal every morning (served with milk and sugar) gives your system a full supply of "bulk."

As Kellogg's All-Bran passes into the intestinal tract, it forms a bulky mass, which softens like a sponge. The delicate intestinal muscles are gently massaged to that natural peristaltic action is restored. Within a week you'll be free of constipation, enjoying healthy regularity. So drop those harsh purgatives before more harm is done.

Itching, Burning and Smarting of ECZEMA Stopped in 23 Minutes

Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disgusting and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Eczema, Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Acne, Blackheads, Scabies, and Red Blotches. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way, and don't let a bad skin make people think you are diseased.

A NEW DISCOVERY

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 5 ingredients which fight skin troubles in these 3 ways: 1. It fights and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning, and smarting in 7 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft, and velvety smooth.

WORKS FAST

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin trouble, it works faster than anything you have seen in your life before. It stops the itching, burning, and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing your skin, making it softer,

whiter and velvety smooth. In just a day or two your mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skin to thousands, such as Mr. R. E., who writes: "I suffered from terribly itching, burning and smarting eczema for 12 years. Tried everything. At last I heard of Nixoderm. I stopped the itching in 10 minutes. I could see my skin clearing up on the second day. All the red disfiguring blotches and scaly skin disappeared in 10 days. My friends were amazed at the improvement in my appearance."

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Use Nixoderm for one week and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth and magnetically attractive—or you simply return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm now 2/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Chest Medicine For
Your Medicine Chest!

The story of HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure is a sixty years' record of triumph over Coughs, Colds, Croup and allied chest troubles in children and adults. It quickly breaks up a cold, allays irritation and soothes any soreness. Keep a bottle of HEARNE'S in your Medicine Chest.

W. S. HEARNE & CO. LTD., GEELEND



The End of Command

Continued from page 25

THE wind-whine rose and fell as Captain Rahlee cautiously headed the ship into the weather under slow engines, so she would not roll so much and make hard the launching of the life-boats.

He could hear the swells make whimpering noises as they slapped against the laboring hull, and though the ship was heavy by the head and going down steadily she seemed high yet midships, and might last long enough to let him abandon her without indecent haste. The pumps would control things a little, though they were quite obviously and hopelessly inadequate.

"You'd better rig some electric clusters. We'll need all the light we can get to work by," he ordered.

He thought, too, as the third mate vanished with a muttered "Yes, sir," that people were not so apt to be afraid so long as there was light. And that was a serious consideration with three hundred passengers concerned. Certainly he couldn't depend on the moon. The confounded thing was apt to duck behind the clouds any moment, now it had done its damage and rendered the Cynthia a target. And for how long he could depend on the dynamo was another problem.

Waves of pain were beginning to flow over him now. He was badly hurt. Behind him he was aware of the scared face of the helmsman, still floating, disembodied, as it were, above the binnacle light. It seemed like a dream.

He remembered when he was apprentice on the Ark Royal, four-masted barque out of London for Madelra, and they'd carried away their fore, main, and mizzen topmasts in a white squall one night... suddenly... as white squalls always come... and he'd been at the wheel... his face as scared as the helmsman's was there back of him.

The Ark Royal had almost gone into the trough then, and he'd fought her as well as he could, sweating and his heart pumping, and his stomach as tight as it was now, until his skipper had sent two A.B.'s running to help him. It was funny he should think of those old things.

"She's coming full in the forepeak and forehold, sir," the carpenter came to report. "And five feet in number two and rising fast. I haven't sounded amidships."

"Well, sound!" said Captain Rahlee with a moment's impatience. "You could have sent a boy to tell me that." The carpenter departed in haste, and Captain Rahlee blew down the engine-room speaking tube.

"I take it the pumps are doing their best, Mr. Watson." The chief engineer, as he knew he would be, was already in the engine-room and personally standing by. You worked by routine and instinct on good ships, even in disaster. "Give them all you've got. I think most of our bottom's gone for'ard. A lot of plates, anyway. Just try to keep her afloat until I get the boats away."

He plugged the tube wearily and turned to find the little apprentice Thomas at his elbow with the radio operator's report. He tightened the paper against the wind and read in the moonlight, which was still strong.

"In touch steamer Grampton. Position eight north fifty west. Will stand by if needed. Destroyers Marlowe and Jonson of Scilly patrol proceeding full speed our position. Request details."

"Well, that's three of them within distance," muttered the captain, comforted; and he scribbled another message and sent the little apprentice away.

"Report us torpedoed and shelled without warning. Settling by the head. End probably matter of hour or so depending on bulkheads. No casualties known as yet. Will order lifeboats remain present position await picking up. No specific details as to submarine last seen submerging steering south-east by east. Request relief hurry as weather making here."

The second mate climbed on the bridge, panting, and wiped sweat and spray from his face. The Cynthia was shuddering all along her hull as her bow, palpably sinking lower, breached the swells across the fo'c'sle-head and foredeck instead of

lifting to them. "She's taken her death-blow all right, sir," said the second mate tensely. "Bows torn clean out of her below the water-line."

"I judged so," the captain muttered, and he gripped the wet taffrail and stared bleakly ahead. He could hear the watches profanely at work swinging out the boats. Then came the whine of the falls, even above the wind; and at intervals there was the thunder of the boarding seas as they washed white water across the main deck below. Captain Rahlee tested the Cynthia's lift with his widespread feet and tightened his greying lips. He felt deathly sick and his wounded side was an agony. This was the end. No doubt of it now. For the Cynthia and him both.

He wandered for a moment, remembering his first voyage, when

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"HELLO, Mr. Chemist, this is Mopsy. Will you rush me another bottle of your liquid hosiery?"

he had been small and on the Ark Royal. Small and a little afraid. Seaside and very lonely.

And he remembered his first sight of a tropic dawn, flaming crimson and gold along the east, sharp etching the hard white sands of a forgotten island, with the stately palms swaying in the Trade as the ship drove past, the wind booming in her canvas and the spray a rainbow about her bow.

A spatter of cold spume whipped his face and he came back to the present with a start. The second mate was saying urgently: "She's going fast now by the head, sir."

"Ah, yes," agreed Captain Rahlee. He licked his dry lips. "Take the third mate and help the mate get the boats away. Provision them as best you can, though there'll probably be no need." He wiped his streaming face. "Women and children first," he added mechanically, and stared ahead again as the mates left him.

He wished he could forget Captain Waterman's face, anguished and bewildered in the ghastly flare-light while the Ivanhoe went down, and the old man stood on the bridge, braced for the final, swallowing wave. Was it really so hard? He had never expected to die quite like that himself. Go down with his ship, maybe, but not with her blown from under him in the horror of an unrestricted new war.

He felt the Cynthia lurch beneath his feet, and that brought him back to the present again. He beckoned the little apprentice boy and stumbled to the chartroom, and scribbled a final message for the wireless. So that was that. The warships would come foaming under forced draught and pick up the life-boats. He looked at where the lights and the electric clusters were still shining brightly, dimming the moon; casting golden shafts upon the sea slopes and breeding silver sparks where the foam ran white. It was not a dangerous sea, he considered. The boats, properly handled, would live without trouble.

But it was all queerly unreal, with the Cynthia lifting and fall-

ing soggly, and the abrupt showers of spray flailing like small-shut against the deck and the houses. Underfoot the slow engine pulse was still plain, and there was still the heavy throbbing of the pumps.

The engine-room speaking tube whistled even as he felt comforted on that thought, and the chief's hurried voice said, "The water's coming above the plates now, sir. Not very fast, but enough."

"I understand, Mr. Watson," said Captain Rahlee. "Abandon when you have to. I don't think she'll make any sudden plunge, unless the bulkheads give entirely. But take no chances."

He plugged the speaking tube very slowly and with care, shaken with pain. It was, he reflected, harder for those men who had to remain below and work until the bitter end. No one cared to die confined in a steel cage, as it were, with never a chance for life if the ship slid abruptly under.

But Watson had a cool head. He would hold his men just as long as was practical, and then get them on deck and into the boats. There would be no panic on the Cynthia as there had been on the Ivanhoe in '17. He spared a moment to wonder why people lost their heads under stress, when, as everyone knew, that was the worst possible thing. Still, there was McInturff, first mate of the Wallawalla, who had seemed the most level-headed of all. And he had jumped clean overside in sheer raving terror when that bunch of pirates had boarded the ship off Bias Bay. It was very strange.

"The boats are in the water, sir," said the mate, reporting. He was wringing wet with spray and sweat, his cheek wound pitched white with action of the salt, and his peaked cap was jammed far back on his head. "The second mate is bunching them and they'll stand off and on. I've two left for the rest of us."

"Very good," said Captain Rahlee. He bent down to catch the message the little apprentice boy was trying to give him. "The operator says to tell you, sir, all ships are steaming for us, and seaplanes will spot us by dawn."

The captain patted him on the shoulder and looked at the mate.

"The destroyers should be here in a matter of hours. Just heave the boats to and wait."

The mate ran a wet sleeve across a wetter forehead and spat. "We're lucky the sea's no rougher," he said, grimly. And Captain Rahlee twitched his lips in a half smile and agreed.

"Very lucky. Is this your first wreck, mister?"

"Second, sir. Once by fire, and once in a collision off Cape Hatteras. Messy. Six men killed."

"It happens," said Captain Rahlee with effort, and he wondered vaguely why they were talking so when the Cynthia was sinking under them. The swells were slithering over the fo'c'sle-head now without even taking the trouble to break. The engine-room speaking-tube whistled again even as the engine and the pump pulse died.

"We're drawing fires, sir," said the chief calmly. "And we're coming up."

Captain Rahlee plugged the tube and turned to the mate again.

"You can abandon ship; all hands," he ordered quietly. "The black gang's coming up." He turned to the little apprentice. "Sonny, tell Sparks to get out, and you go with him."

They went away and unnecessarily but mechanically he jammed the engine-room telegraph to "Finished With Engines." He remembered the man at the wheel, then turned with a curt "That will be all. Join the rest in the boats." The man swallowed hard and slid hurriedly down the companion to the main deck.

Slowly the waterlogged ship fell into the trough again as the way was lost on her, and she began to roll with sickening slowness. Midships Captain Rahlee could hear the black gang noisily crowding the rail and dropping overside. The lights went out suddenly as the dynamo ran down, so there were only a few oil hurricane lamps and the ghastly pale moon to see by.

In orderly manner, the first of the boats moved away, then there came an abrupt blossoming of livid white flares.

Please turn to page 29



"DANNY DANDRUFF"

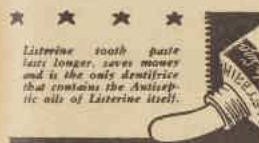
The bad boy of the scalp

Looks queer, but he's dangerous and if this dandruff germ has you in its grip, don't experiment, strike at the cause and kill the germ with the proven treatment

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the same antiseptic you've always used for oral hygiene and general home use. Instantly the burning, gnawing dandruff itch stops; ugly scales go; and the natural healthy vigour of the hair returns. Add a little olive oil if the scalp is excessively dry, but massage vigorously daily until every hair is bathed in soothing, health promoting antiseptic.

In 3 sizes: 7, 3 1/2, 6 1/2



Listerine tooth paste last longer, saves money and is the only dentifrice that contains the Antiseptic oils of Listerine itself.



KEEPS HER FIT

A clear skin and bright, sparkling eyes are signs of radiant health. If YOU suffer from constipation take one or two NYAL FIGSEN TABLETS before retiring: no nausea, no gripping pain. In the morning the action of Figsen is mild, gentle, sure. NYAL FIGSEN helps to restore a normal bowel action without forming a habit. Equally good for young and old. Figsen is one of the 100 dependable NYAL FAMILY MEDICINES. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3 a tin. The next best thing to Nature...

Nyal Figsen THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A 70 weekly paid £1/10 for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prizes. Note: "Nocturne" in "Smith's" recently brought me between £5 and £10. "Three serials returned me £140." For my last story, "The Darling of Hobart Town," I received £2/10/0. In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ("Smith's" and "The Bulletin") to the amount of £1/10/0, which I think is rather satisfactory. I have had three articles accepted by "The Bulletin" and broadcast by the A.B.C. "The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/10/0 for it. I have just received a cheque for £6/10/0 from "The Bulletin" for my story, "Old George." I received £5 for my first story, "The Ship." Tilly Pulls Through, E.E.C.

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The End of Command

Continued from page 28

CAPTAIN RAH-LEE winced a little, thinking of the mine-shattered Ivanhoe and the face of Captain Waterman in just such a bitter light. The wind tugged viciously at his sou'-wester and oilskins; the cold spume hammered his face. He hardly felt it for his side was one vast sheet of dizzying pain.

He was remembering now his first bridge watch, when he had been third mate on the Highland Pride. Only three months out of his time in sail, the ink hardly dry on the ticket in his sea-chest. He had been sick with nervousness and in a cold sweat when he had taken over from the mate that night, seeing lights where there were no lights, hearing sirens where there were no sirens, hardly able to keep still, crossing to look at the compass every few minutes, then to look at the chart, then to strain his eyes ahead until they almost fell out.

His first meeting with iron responsibility! He had not known until long after that his captain had been on the lower bridge all during that first watch, just in case his new third mate should crack, or make some lamentable error. It seemed very amusing now.

Then there was the time he had taken over the Maid of Aran. His first command. He had been almost as much afraid then as he had been on his first bridge watch. His own ship. Little, dirty, smelly and slow. But his ship. He reflected he had practically hauled her by hand through the Red Sea and down to Colombo; his stores running short; his water turning brackish; two men dying of some mysterious fever, and the rest in half-mutiny before they got in. But they had got in.

He had felt very proud when he had reported to the agent, with all the off-hand casualness he could muster. "Good Heaven!" the agent had stuttered. "We gave you up for lost weeks ago!" He felt that was the best praise he had ever received. They'd given him up weeks ago and he'd brought the Maid of Aran in.

"We're all clear, sir," said the mate beside him. He was very quiet. "All hands accounted for and in the boats."

"Very good," he said. Captain Rahlee made a grab at the rail as pain shook him and his knees almost failed him. "Very good, mister. You'd just better stay as close together as possible. You'll be picked up by dawn, I imagine."

He looked along the Cynthia's decks and at the ugly list she had, and at her head, almost submerged, and his stomach grew tight again. She had almost ceased to roll, being so low in the water, and her decks were breached both fore and aft by every other sea.

His teeth set hard, and the cold sweat beading his forehead, Captain Rahlee dropped jerkily down the companion to the lower bridge and his room, and lighting the emergency oil-lamps swaying in their gimbal he took the ship's papers from the safe and tucked them in a leather brief-case. He handed it to the mate, together with a black tin box, which contained the ship's money.

"You've got the log-book, so I think that's all," he said. "Ah, but no, Walt a minute." He climbed wearily to the upper bridge again and in the chartroom unbooked the canary cage and smiling a little ran his fingers across the wires. "Just as I thought, Tommy," he whispered. "Trouble, Tommy boy."

He gave the mate the cage and added, "See he's taken care of."

The mate nodded and bit his lip. He'd been expecting this. His face was drawn, sinister almost with the livid shell-wound that scarred it, and tight; even grim; with the curious griminess that comes with new responsibility.

"Then you're not . . . The boat's waiting, sir."

With shaking fingers Captain Rahlee tied the strings of his sou'-wester a little tighter, and looked level-eyed out of the open door to where the sea ran swollen in the pale moonlight.

"I was raised in the old school, mister," he said at last. "Raised in the sailing days. You'll under-

stand. You go down with your ship or you bring her home."

The mate shook his head. "Maybe I do understand, sir, but you've got things wrong in this case. It's none of your fault. The fortune of war is just that. No one can blame you at all. We never had a chance."

"I'd like it better this way," the old man insisted. "If I'd be good enough to serve again I'd come with you, and do what duty I still could . . . for the Old Country's sake. But I won't be." He breathed heavily and set a hand against his side, and leaned against the chart table to steady himself. And the mate saw the sweat of pain upon his face and the death-drain in his eyes.

"You're hurt, sir," he whispered, awed. "That last shell. And I never guessed."

"Hurt enough," said the captain simply. "They might prop me along a while in some hospital before they set me loose, but I'd never be good for the sea again. So I'll stay with the old school, mister. I figure I've earned that right."

The mate hesitated and was still for a moment, and then he nodded and muttered awkwardly. "You've been a good skipper, sir. And if you don't mind . . ." Captain Rahlee found his hand.

He left hurriedly and Captain Rahlee was quiet for a long time, thinking of many things. And then he went out on deck, carefully and methodically closing the cabin door behind him. He mounted heavily to the navigation bridge, and after a last look at the clustered boats, clear-etched in the radiance of their flares and with the passengers' frightened faces turned towards him, he gripped the fore'd rail and watched the seas come closer.

It wasn't really so hard, he reflected. He'd served his time. He had commanded his ships. He had a clean record. And at this last he'd seen his passengers and crew to safety.

THERE was no blame to come to him. The fortune of war, that was all. And it was good to go out in the tradition.

The stinging winds that had lifted the Ark Royal across the world, so a seaskiff little apprentice could learn his trade. The tight minutes of the first bridge watch; the gun-sheen on new waters, new harbours; the smash and drive of almost-forgotten gales and typhoons; the ways of new ships; the wrecking of the Ivanhoe; the struggle to bring in the Maid of Aran. Nothing was left save faded entries in old log-books.

The spume had changed to heavy spray now, smashing over the bridge higher as the Cynthia dipped. Her forepart must be full, Captain Rahlee thought, and the rest filling fast. She'd slide any minute. He'd know then just how Waterman had felt, just how three or four other men he had known must have felt when they met the last long surge. He braced himself as the first solid water came over the bridge, and he wondered a little if the U-boat master would meet as royal a death when his time came, with as clear a heart.

"I don't understand," Thomas, the little apprentice, was whimpering, crouched at the mate's feet in the open boat. "Why couldn't he have come with us? There's plenty of room."

The mate eased the tiller and looked down, his hard face softening.

"The old school," he said simply. "He was raised in the old school. You wouldn't understand."

In the ghastly white flarelight and the moonlight, the Cynthia rolled heavily to starboard and then to port, like a stricken whale. Her stern tilted abruptly and her bow went under, and she slid easily from sight.

The lonely figure gripping her bridge-rail and facing forward did not move as the water closed over, and when it was accomplished, and the flares had begun to die across the turmoil and swirl, the mate lifted one hand in a gesture of salute. "So long, sailor," he said softly. "So long."

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Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (2) It promotes body vigour and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

NO ASTHMA FOR FIVE YEARS
Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort and enables you to sleep, but also builds up the system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. H. writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost sleep, in weight, suffered coughing, choking, and strangling every

night — couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A.W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night, and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G.E.C. writes: "I blew the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

BENEFITS IMMEDIATE
The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money-back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the package and the purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist; today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel.

CONQUERS ASTHMA
Now in 3 Sizes . . . 3/-, 6/-, 12/-.

Mendaco

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Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



FIVE MENUS are listed on this page, and above is pictured No. 1 on the list—an attractive and substantial meal to be sure.

MEALS from the emergency shelf

● Planned specially for our readers by
Mary Forbes, cookery expert to The
Australian Women's Weekly.

THE emergency shelf can be a peace or war time measure. In good times it's a welcome for an unexpected guest; in wartime it's a necessary precaution in case of food shortage owing to restricted or temporarily suspended transport facilities.

Supplies for one week for the family are recommended. The housewife should guard against undue and anti-social hoarding.

Science has enabled food of all types to be preserved by canning or drying processes, with little or no loss of the essential food qualities, including vitamin values.

Tinned meats are available. Supplies of preserved vegetables are limited, but their place can be taken by dried or tinned fruits. Dried and condensed milk must be included, and tinned or packeted cheese is a

worth-while addition to emergency stores.

Sugar can be reduced to a minimum supply and replaced at times by saccharin.

Dried whole egg powder is on the market at a reasonable price. Of the cereals for emergency stock, oatmeal and whole wheatmeal are of the highest value.

Good stocks of white flour should be made, as its storage quality is better than the wholegrain meal.

Condiments and flavoring agents should be stocked to give palatability to the emergency menu.

Here are some recipes to aid you in serving attractive meals from the emergency shelf. See menus at top of page.

PINEAPPLE PUFTALOONS

One cup shredded pineapple, 4oz. wholemeal flour, 1 teaspoon baking

powder, 1 egg, 1 cup milk (or 1 dessertspoon milk powder and 3 cup water), 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Sift the flour and baking powder, tipping back the roughage. Beat the egg-yolk, melted butter, and milk together, and gradually add to the flour, beating to a smooth batter. Fold in the shredded pineapple, and then the stiffly-beaten egg-white. Fry spoonfuls in hot, deep fat for about 3 minutes. Serve hot, sprinkled with sugar or with honey or lemon sauce.

GOLDEN PIKELETS

One cup self-raising flour (best wholemeal), 1 dessertspoon milk powder, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1-3rd cup water, 1 teaspoon spice (if available).

Sift flour, milk powder, and spice.

Rub in the butter and sugar. Mix to a thick batter with the milk. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot, greased griddle or frying-pan. Serve hot with honey. Note: For variety a tablespoon of currants, sultanas, or raisins may be added.

CURRIED HARICOT BEANS

One cup haricot beans, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 pint water or stock, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons raisins, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato chutney, pepper and salt.

Soak the beans overnight and cook in boiling salted water to which bacon rind (if available) has been added. Chop the onion and fry in the fat; add the flour and brown. Add the curry powder and sauce, chutney, and water. Bring to the boil, and add the cooked, drained beans and raisins. Add seasoning to taste. Serve piping hot with fried apple rings, grilled bacon, and toast triangles.

THE MENUS

No. 1

Tomato Puree

Hot Camp Pie
Cheesed Noodles Carrots

*Golden Pikelets
Honey.

No. 2

Canned Grapefruit

*Curried Haricot Beans
Fried Apple Rings Bacon Curls

*Pineapple Puffaloons

No. 3

Diced Pineapple Appetiser

Sheep's Tongues in
Parsley Sauce
Creamed Potatoes
(Topped with Tomato Puree)

*Australian Rarebit

Nuts, Raisins

No. 4

Creamed Vegetable Soup
Browned Casserole of
Tinned Beef
Savory Dumplings
Hot Beetroot

Compote of Peaches
*Honey Oatcakes

No. 5

Beetroot & Bean Salad
*Scalloped Beef
Toasted Wholemeal Cheese
Scones

*Oatmeal Fruit Pudding
Fruit Drink

AUSTRALIAN RAREBIT

Two cups grated cheese, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup beer or milk, 1 egg, 3 slices hot buttered toast, bacon rolls, lemon slices.

Melt the grated cheese very slowly (best in a double pan over boiling water). Stir in the liquid gradually and cook until smooth. Add the beaten egg and cook slowly, stirring for 2 minutes. Serve on hot toast, topped with bacon curls, lemon slices, and parsley sprig.

Note: One quarter of a cup of tomato puree may be added to give variety.

HONEY OATCAKES

Three ounces flour, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2oz. sugar, 4oz. rolled oats, 2oz. coconut (may be omitted), 4oz. butter, 1 tablespoon honey.

Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder; add the sugar, rolled oats, and coconut. Melt the butter, add the honey and stir into the dry ingredients. Spread the mixture, packing firmly into a well-greased Swiss-roll tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F) for 15 minutes. Cut into finger-lengths while hot, and allow to cool on tray.

SCALLOPED BEEF

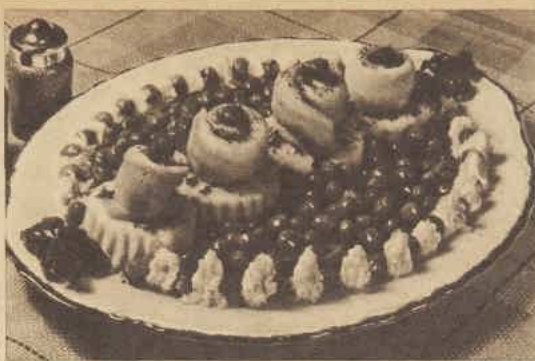
Eight ounces tinned beef, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup browned breadcrumbs, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon butter or bacon fat, 1 cup cooked vegetables, 1 pint white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Slice the beef into 4-inch slices. Chop and saute the onion in the fat. Place half the beef in a greased oven-proof dish. Cover with half the soft crumbs and vegetables, parsley and sauce. Add the remainder of the beef, and then the rest of the soft crumbs and vegetables and parsley. Cover with sauce and sprinkle with brown crumbs. Cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F) for 20 minutes. Serve with toasted cheese scones.

OATMEAL FRUIT PUDDING

Eight ounces dried apple rings, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup melted butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 cups cooked oatmeal, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Soak the apples for 1 hour in just enough warm water to cover. Drain well and saute in the melted butter until browned; add the sugar and cook slowly until the sugar begins to brown. Place alternate layers of apples, raisins, and oatmeal in a greased oven-proof dish, sprinkling each layer lightly with cinnamon. Top with small pieces of butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F) for 20 minutes.



SAVORY AND SWEET DISHES

SWEDE CROQUETTES

One medium-sized swede, 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup, pinch mixed herbs, 1oz. butter, 1lb. cooked and mashed potatoes, salt, parsley, egg, and breadcrumbs.

Cook swede and cut in slices. Make some little crescents with a tart butter, and mash remainder. Mix together mashed swede and most of mashed potato, and add half the butter and flavorings. Shape into balls, coat with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Melt remaining butter and brush over swede crescents. Arrange on dish with croquettes and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Decorate with rosettes of mashed potato.

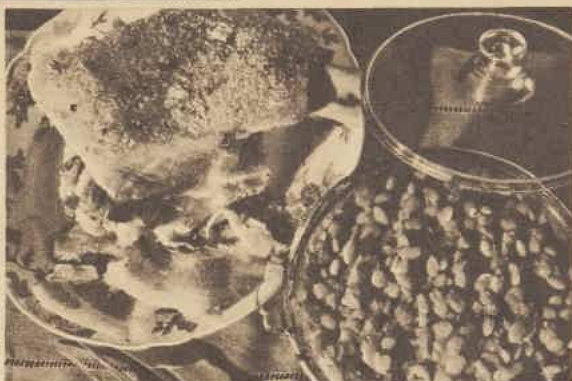
BAKED BEANS

Soak 1 lb. haricot beans in water overnight, then drain, put in a saucepan of cold water and bring to the boil. Drain, cover with cold water and bring to boil again. Repeat this a third time, but salt the third water and continue boiling until beans are tender. Then put in a casserole dish and mix with a large tin tomato soup, or a small tin soup and a small tin tomatoes. Add a spoonful or two of light brown sugar and a teaspoon of butter. Bake in a very slow oven for 5 or 6 hours. Watch during cooking, and if beans go too dry add a little tomato juice, or tomato sauce mixed with water. Serve with bacon.

STUFFED NECK OF LAMB

STEAMED FILLETS FISH
Filletted fish, 1lb. mashed potatoes,
peas, 1oz. butter, parsley.

Steam the rolled fillets between two plates, brush over with melted butter and sprinkle with chopped parsley or chopped watercress. Cream potatoes with a little milk, and form most of this into round cakes. Stand a rolled fillet of fish on each, surround with cooked peas, and pipe remainder of potato round the dish. Reheat, garnish with sprigs of parsley and peas, and serve with a white sauce tinted pale green by the addition of some sieved peas. Alternately, the fillets can be brushed over with melted butter and coated with crushed cornflakes.



DOWN AT MRS. PERKINS' GUEST HOUSE —



MY AUDIENCE JUST
WOULDN'T LET ME GO,
SO I CAME BACK AGAIN
FOR ANOTHER
ENCORE. MRS.
PERKINS?

WOULD YOU LIKE
TO COME BACK
FOR AN ENCORE OF
KELLOGG'S CORN
FLAKES MR.
BORROWMORE?

HEY YOU! LEAVE
SOME OF THOSE
KELLOGG'S CORN
FLAKES! THEY'RE
MADE WITH THE
BEST WHITE.

AD SIR, I
HAT AN
PETITE! YOU
ESTLERS
KE THE

THAT'S WHAT
I'M DOING, DAD.
D'Y' THAT
PLATE OF

WHAT'S THAT ARCHIE SQUIRT SAYING?

HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST WAR NEWS?

SOMETHING ABOUT COURTESY HER KEEP AND EAT

YES! THE
ARMY IS
SERVING
KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES
TO THE
BOYS

WHAT
INNERS
WRAPP
WHAT
KELLOGG
FLAKES
CRISP AND F

THE
REAL
PERI THAT'S
NEEDS
CORN
SO
FRESH!

RUNNING A GUEST HOUSE ISN'T THE EASIEST
JOB IN THE WORLD. BUT KELLOGG'S CORN
FLAKES CERTAINLY MAKE BREAKFAST
A PLEASURE FOR EVERYONE! THEY'RE
SO CRISP AND DELICIOUS!!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.

Above All

"SKYHIGH" in popularity, Rosella Tomato Sauce has that true tomato flavor—no preservatives, no artificial coloring.

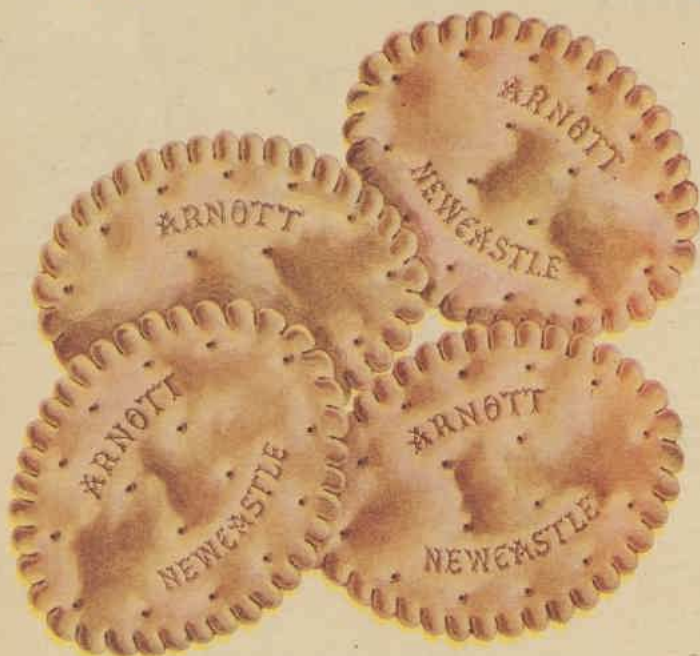
Also Fruit Chutney.



TOMATO SAUCE



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR QUALITY



BUTTER NUT COOKIE

Here is an every-age cookie with a rich, fresh, butter flavour, blended deliciously with a nuttiness and crunchy crispness. Butter Nut Cookies are already in the front rank of popularity.

THIN CAPTAIN

A plain cracker with the scalloped edge slightly raised for the practical purpose of holding savouries. Equally pleasant spread with butter, cheese, or jam. . . .

William Arnott Pty. Ltd., Homebush



Arnott's

FAMOUS

Biscuits



PLEASE RETURN ALL EMPTY TINS TO YOUR GROCER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE